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CAMP SKETCHES.

A Day's Ramble in the Selkirk Mountains.

SUNDAY in camp is generally looked upon as the holiday of the week, when letters are written, and a hundred and one tasks difficult of accomplishment on other days are disposed of, with a smoke and a yarn between whiles. When not otherwise engaged, we sometimes ramble away for the day on a prospecting tramp, a hunt, or a climb up one of the mountains. For the latter we entertain no particular relish, as there is little pleasure to counterbalance the great hardships of such an excursion. Nevertheless, once or twice a year, like the deer's thirst for the salt-lick, comes the desire to scramble up the great heights. Several times, however, can I recollect having to return without gaining the desired goal, owing to the inaccessible precipices forming an effectual barrier to our further progress.

The following little excursion Scotty and I had planned out weeks before, and on Saturday night over our last smoke we decided that an early start was necessary; so having given cook word to that effect, we rolled in our Hud-

son's Bay "four pointers," and slept the sleep of the just.

In the morning we were aroused by strains of melody issuing from that indispensable article of camp outfit, the frying-pan, which cook was manipulating *a la tambourine*. It was our daily reveille, and in raw, cold weather it was enough to put one in a homicidal

humour to be thus awakened from a refreshing sleep. This, however, was a day of days, when mere existence is a pleasure, and deep draughts of the pure morning air seem to invigorate one's whole being, causing every muscle to swell with the pride of conscious health and strength. After breakfast we prepare some lunches of ham sandwiches, and,



A DIFFICULT ASCENT.

shouldering our rifles, we start off for our tramp up Mount H——. Following the pack trail for half a mile down the river, we arrive at a tree which we had dropped across the stream some time previously, and on this walk to the other bank.

To the novice, walking a small log across an angry stream is sometimes a

ticklish experience, and attended, probably, with a ducking, if nothing worse. With us, however, it was an every day occurrence, and it is really only a matter of self-confidence and taking care that the eyes do not wander away from the log.

The water is now as clear as crystal, but by three in the afternoon it will be a turgid muddy torrent, subsiding again to its normal condition before the next morning. This is due to the melting of the snow in the great heights above us, all mountain streams during the summer months being so influenced.

We now follow the course of a small torrent, which winds its way up the mountain-side through a tangled growth of alder bushes from five to eight feet in height, and it seems difficult of belief that this is the path of an avalanche. But it is so, the alder bushes assuming a recumbent position after the first few feet of snow have fallen, again to spring up when the "beautiful" disappears; and, if we examine closely, we see that the bushes are even now leaning down hill at an angle of forty-five degrees. The ground we are walking upon is all debris, brought down by the slides, probably the accumulation of thousands of years, and it must be of great depth, to judge from the convexity of the surface with regard to the general contour of the mountain-side.

About three-quarters of a mile from the valley we reach a point where the slide narrows and divides into two ravines, or clefts, in the solid rock; here and there patches of snow remain still unmelted. These ravines have bare walls of rock fully fifty feet in height, the bottom and sides being worn as smooth as polished marble by the action of the snow and ice, and in places the glossy surface is roughly scarred as if by large rocks in their rapid transit valleyward.

Further travel up the course of the slide being impracticable, we start climbing up the tongue between the two ravines, where the ground is one mass of "deadfalls," and thickly covered with small standing timber. Our

progress is necessarily slow. Still we struggle along, with frequent and brief periods of rest, but the unusual exercise tells upon one fearfully, for the muscles brought into play are entirely different to those used in walking or ordinary travel.

Here the mountain-side becomes more broken, the timber sparser and more stunted, and there are frequently small precipices around which we have to make detours.

The ascent now becomes both difficult and perilous. Our rifles are also a great hindrance, and were it not that we may see a goat at any time now, I should feel very much tempted to leave mine until my return. After an hour's tough struggling in some really dangerous places, that make one feel uncomfortable when thinking of returning, we arrive at a pleasant grassy slope, where, disposing our racked and weary limbs in the most comfortable attitudes, we enjoy a well-earned rest. This slope, which seems almost level in comparison with what we have just traversed, is covered with a short, bunchy grass and low bushes, interspersed with patches of heather, of the latter there being three varieties, red, white, and purple. Upon examination I find this is not the same as the Scotch heather and that found in other parts of Great Britain, the blossoms being much larger and coarser, but still very pretty. All kinds of flowers sprinkle the ground in profusion; in fact, upon all the open patches of ground on our way up we discovered flowers of all descriptions, the varieties changing as we ascended. There was also a moss with a very pretty pink blossom, the name of which I am unable to give, not having much botanical knowledge, but imagine it is rare. The timber-line is quite a distance below us, the highest shrubs here being only about eighteen inches above the ground.

Looking down into the valley we are unable to see that part of the mountain we have just traversed, so steep is it compared with the slope upon which we are resting, and as we are fully a hundred feet back from the brink, it

seems as if we were looking over the edge of a precipice. The awful depth down into the valley is truly horrifying to contemplate, and a feeling of giddiness overcomes me as I gaze, with a sensation of falling headlong into the abyss. Closing my eyes and turning upon my side, this disagreeable sensation soon passes away.

Upon opening my eyes blinking in the glaring sun, what do they rest upon but a goat!!!!

Yes, a goat, which to my eyes looks as large as a house at that moment. Scotty's eyes bulge out like saucers when I whisper, "Look at that goat!"

Picking up my rifle, I fire, whereupon the goat gives a bound in the air, and comes down upon all four feet at once, giving himself a good shake after the operation, as if not sure whether he is awake.

Bang!!! Again I miss him, and like a flash he is out of sight, to reappear again, however, in a few moments, about fifty feet higher up, standing out on a pinnacle like some statue. Bang!!! And that's the last of him, unhurt, too; as any one can easily see.

At that moment, probably, I made use of language which can be most fittingly described as "Things one would rather have left unsaid," and small blame to me, too, considering the circumstances. Truly we were two great hunters, lolling at our ease and the game standing around inspecting us.

During this time Scotty had neither fired a shot nor said a word, and turning in his direction I discovered him with rather a red face, picking up some cartridges from the ground, and slipping them into the magazine of his rifle. This, coupled with the fact that the "click, click" of the lever backwards and forwards had been quite



"Walking a small log across an angry stream is sometimes a ticklish experience."

audible several times, made me jump at the conclusion that he had been suffering from an attack of "buck fever," and such being the case, as he afterwards confessed. *He had just pumped every cartridge out of his rifle without firing a shot.*

Being conscious that a smile was stealing over my face, and not wishing to hurt his feelings, I turned my head away. Indeed, as far as that was concerned, I had not much to brag about myself, firing three shots at short range without making a hit. My glance, however, chancing to rest upon the backsight of my rifle, the whole mystery was explained. The sight was up to the 500 yards notch, so there was not much to be wondered at. The rifle was provided with a sporting backsight, which, as every one familiar with Marlin and Winchester rifles knows, is a spring, which is forced up by a wedge indented with notches for ranges from 100 to 500 yards. It was therefore evident that on the journey up something had struck the sight, forcing

the wedge in as far as the 500 yards notch, so that I had been overshooting the mark each time of firing.

Looking at my watch, I find it is 12 o'clock, and, feeling quite peckish, we devour our ham sandwiches with a relish, notwithstanding our disappointment, quenching our thirst at a little stream of snow water which trickles down almost at our feet. Then, seeing we are so near the summit, we decide to proceed, as it will evidently only take us another forty minutes to arrive there.

Before us is an inaccessible cliff, but by skirting around its base to our right, for a hundred yards or so, we shall be able to continue our journey up. This



"A vast field of snow and ice."

we accordingly do, and come to a rockslide a little over a hundred feet in width, which we shall evidently have to cross. Downhill a short distance the slope breaks off, and it makes one shudder to think of what our fate would be if we were to go over the edge. Now, on a rockslide of any description I am always particularly shaky, with the fear that by dislodging one rock the entire mass may start in motion. In fear and trembling, therefore, we pick our way across, and breathe a sigh of relief when we reach the other side in safety.

Then we work our way around a jutting point on a rocky ledge seven feet

in width, and with what nervous prudence, for one false step will be the last! We arrive at the source of one of these mountain torrents, which pours forth from a small cave at the foot of a glacier. This cave, or hollow, is in the snow and ice, and, peering in, we can almost fancy ourselves to be in Fairyland, the sun shining through the ice as through a prism, and flooding the whole place with the most beautiful and delicate colours.

With not a little difficulty do we clamber up on the surface of this glacier, some 400 feet higher, but when there we feel amply repaid for all our hard climbing. The view is simply indescribable. Looking back, we see the valley from which we have ascended, with the river threading its tortuous way like a minute silver wire; beyond that, mountain after mountain, with snow-clad peaks innumerable. We are surrounded by a sea of mountains, with here and there some beautiful valley, or a lake sparkling like a diamond in the sunlight.

In contemplating such scenes as this one is impressed with the awfulness and inconceivable magnitude of the creation, and the head is bowed with a spirit of reverence to Him, the Almighty Creator.

Turning, we seem encompassed by a vast field of snow and ice, fringed by jagged peaks, rearing their gaunt pinnacles against the clear blue sky. The whole scene represents an absolute and awful solitude, and not a sound breaks the oppressive stillness. The glacier extends three miles in front of us, but so difficult is it to estimate distance that it may be more or less, and on the left a mile would seem to be the extent. But on our right the ridge which we are standing upon winds around almost in a semi-circle, being as abrupt and sharp in some places as the roof of a house.

The torrent by which we have ascended is evidently not the only outlet, as

we can see where, about half a mile distant, the slope of the glacier descends abruptly, most probably towards the other valley of which we can discern the opposite side. Scarring and seaming the surface of this icefield are fissures or crevasses, some only a foot in width, others yawning chasms, and into one of these we peer. Near the top the colour of the ice is a light green, then blue, graduating to a deep purple in the depths. The sides not being perpendicular, we are unable to estimate the depth, and it is impossible to count the duration of the fall of a stone dropped from the top, for the rattling against the sides gradually dies away. There is no distinct and sudden cessation as there would be if it struck the bottom. This would lead one to believe that the depth is even greater than we first suspected; and the outlet to our right must be very much lower than the one at this side.

Here and there are small pools of water, and at the bottom is invariably to be found a stone. This is accounted for by the fact that these stones are carried on the surface of the glacier by small slides; then, of course, as soon as the sun's rays become powerful enough, and the stone absorbs sufficient heat, the surrounding ice and snow melts, and in this manner forms a pool of water.

There were other instances of what it appeared to me should have resulted in the same thing. Several large stones were resting upon columns or pillars of ice, and one was fully eighteen inches in height, the surrounding ice evidently having melted away, leaving this column that supported the stone intact. The reason for this has since been explained to me. The stone being, of course, of a certain thickness, the upper surface would alone be affected by the sun's rays, the under part being still cold, and acting as a



A FISSURE OR CREVASSE.

shade and preventing the melting of the ice beneath.

"Three o'clock, by thunder!" I hear Scotty exclaim. "And time we were off for camp."

And so it was, for although it would only occupy about half the time on the downward journey, there were several ticklish places to pass, and they would be even more trying going down than



MR. BRUIN.

on the upward journey. In ascending the danger is behind, but in descending we are forced to face all difficulties, and a glance at a bad drop is apt to have an unsettling effect upon one's nerves. Then, again, a rifle is a fearful nuisance. It is impossible to carry it in the hand, because both hands are required to grasp projections and shrubs, and with a sling the butt is continually tripping one up, or causing one to overbalance. However, off we go, and, arriving at the narrow ledge, I take the lead, and am creeping carefully around the point when, just on the other side of the rockslide before mentioned, I see three goats. The first is an old "billy," the other two females, and one of the latter I mentally mark as mine. There is no room for both of us to stand abreast, so signing to Scotty to keep still, I bring my rifle into position. They are, as yet, unconscious of my presence, but the "click" produced by my rifle in throwing a cartridge into the barrel speedily brings them to "attention." I never move a muscle, but wait breathlessly with my finger on the trigger.

For a period of two minutes, which seems almost an eternity to me, we remain as if carved out of the rock that surrounds us, intently eyeing each other; then their eyes seemed to dilate, then their bodies and limbs extend and stiffen, and with one stamp of their feet and a toss of their heads they are off like a flash of lightning up the very face of the cliff. As they turn and expose their flanks I pull trigger on the second goat, aiming just behind the shoulders, and, instantly pumping up another cartridge, fire again. Whereupon, with one convulsive bound, she dropped, rolling over and over down the hill to where they were when I first shot. I sent three or four shots after the others, but without any success; and it was just as well, for we should never have packed any of them down with us.

As a general rule, goats, and, indeed, nearly all wild animals, move about very little during the heat of the day, so that we might consider ourselves

lucky in coming across them; and, as Scotty remarked, we should have something to show for our day's outing.

Hurrying around the point and over the slide as quickly as the dangerous nature of the ground would allow us, we arrived at the side of the goat just as she was departing from this vale of sorrow, and it seemed to me that I never felt more like a butcher than at that moment.

Scotty proposed packing the carcass, as fresh meat would be a great treat, and in bad places rolling and throwing it down. But as it would have been hashed goat in real earnest before reaching camp, if treated in that way, we concluded to make a pack of just the hind quarters rolled up in the skin. The skinning operation did not occupy much time, and we were again jogging off down the hill.

After passing the dangerous places it was all plain sailing, and we covered the ground at a famous rate; indeed sometimes a little too fast, as a certain portion of our nether garments bore witness. Several times it made me wish I had been provided with similar means of locomotion to a goat, at least for this occasion, and one does not wonder how surefooted these animals are after examining the feet. The point or toe part is as hard as that of a deer, but the under surface, or pad, is of a soft, clinging nature, more nearly resembling india-rubber than anything else; so that one can easily understand how a goat would never slip when jumping on a smooth surface of rock, even if it were wet.

We arrive at that point where the two slides merge into one, and oh! what a great relief it is to step out on the even surface of the snow. Tired is no name for my condition at this time; my thighs are aching, and at every step it seems that my knees will no longer uphold me. However, the prospect of something to eat before very long brightens me up, and I am just meditating on what fearful inroads we shall make upon cook's good things, when Scotty exclaims, "There's a bear!" and, sure enough, there is a full grown

"silver tip," not more than two hundred yards away, walking among some small huckleberry bushes at the edge of the slide.

Now, we had been foolishly wasteful of our cartridges, amusing ourselves on the downward journey upon nearly every occasion, when resting, by firing them off, and the consequence was that Scotty had only three and I one left, not many cartridges to meet a bear with; still, we decided it was too good a chance to miss, and prepared to give him a lively reception, Scotty giving me another cartridge, so that we had two apiece.

The bear had not yet seen us, or if he had, he took not the slightest notice of us; but there was no use in approaching any nearer, as with a couple of bounds he could be out of sight among the bushes, so we concluded to fire from where we were.

I fired first, the bear giving one great leap up hill, then standing still for a few moments, and turning sharply in our direction; he gave a loud snort and started for us at that curious shambling gait peculiar to a bear. Then we fired together, but it had no other effect than to make him stagger for a moment. At seventy-five yards I fired my last shot, but he still came straight for us, rolling his head continually from side to side, and from time to time emitting low growls, whether of pain or rage it was difficult to guess.

Now if Scotty had been excited when we saw our first goat up the mountain, he was cool as the proverbial cucumber now, and lucky for us both that he was. For it is not a little trying to wait for a wounded bear to come up to you, and know that your sole available weapon is a knife. Because it would be simply suicide to attempt to use a rifle as a club, a bear being able to use his paws as effectively as any boxer, and a blow would be very quickly warded off. My heart was thumping like a trip-hammer, and had I yielded to my inclinations Scotty would have been left to face the music alone.

The bear is only a hundred feet away from us, and not being able to stand

the strain any longer, I yell, "Let him have it"!!!

At the sound of my voice the bear stops, and rises to an erect position. Just a moment after, Scotty fired, and without waiting to see the result of his shot, started running down the hill for dear life, with your humble servant a close second.

After running as far as the snow extended, at such a rate that a game of seven-up might have been played upon our coat tails, we stopped from sheer want of breath, not having, at that altitude, the same amount of "puff" as at sea level.

Seeing that no bear was following in our wake, we decided to go back again in the timber along the edge of the slide and reconnoitre. Climbing up carefully, we at last came in sight of the scene of our late sanguinary encounter, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Bear, lying in the place where he had been shot. Whether he had departed for the happy hunting-grounds or was merely stunned we would have given much to know, for to approach a bear that *may* revive at any moment, without weapons, requires quite an amount of cool nerve. We were able, however, after a time, to advance within a hundred and fifty feet on a high bank that overhung the slide at that place, and from this point of safety we saluted the mighty departed with a volley of stones.

After about fifteen minutes of this programme, including frequent consultations, and our attentions being treated with silent contempt by Mr. Bruin, we decided to advance cautiously. There was many a heartquake, though, before we reached the bear, and if even a *hair* had moved, a stampede would have resulted.

As it was, in a few moments we were able to stand beside the great carcass with composure, and examine the results of our victory at leisure. He was a magnificent animal, and a terrible foe to meet even when armed.

Surely it was a most reckless and foolish proceeding to have gone back at all, for had that bear been merely

badly wounded we should have probably had an ugly experience.

Of the four shots we had fired three only had taken effect, two in the breast and one, the first shot, through the throat. The two in the breast were regular raking shots, and were a proof of the efficacy of heavy bullets.

We both carried 45-70 cal. rifles, and it seems to me that is the smallest calibre that should be used, for bears at least. In hunting big game, what one requires is a heavy bullet of fairly large calibre, great penetration being a secondary matter. Take, for instance, the latest long-range military rifles of small calibres, with which steel-tipped bullets are used; they have enormous penetrative power, and answer their purpose well, one bullet probably placing three men *hors de combat* as effectually as if three larger and heavier bullets were used, and still allowing the wounded a chance of recovery. For, in their course through the body, these bullets make a clean puncture even through bone, and cause no bad fractures. When, however, a man is facing an animal as tenacious of life as a bear he is not in favour of any humane method of procedure, but requires something that will effectually put a stop to Mr. Bruin's further progress, and the most powerful agent, in my opinion, is a large, heavy bullet. The shock resulting from the impact of such a bullet will cause an animal to drop, even if the wound is not mortal; whereas there are instances when men, even after being mortally wounded with a 22 cal., have then had sufficient strength to kill their aggressor. Then, again, the bullets should be soft (1 in every 16 parts tin) so that the lead may spread and scatter when it comes in contact with bone. Express rifles and explosive or hollow-pointed bullets are the most killing

weapons, but for general purposes a 45-70 (405 or 500 grains of lead) is more serviceable, and it is ammunition that can be procured anywhere, which is a great recommendation in its favour.

Although we knew that the bear would be far more easily skinned that night than if left until the morning, we decided to adopt the latter course as it was becoming late. Before leaving, however, Scotty cut off a claw to show as proof of our prowess when we reached camp.

Shouldering the remains of the goat, and our rifles, so hastily discarded a short time before, we soon arrived in camp where we were besieged with questions concerning the day's adventures. Upon relating our encounter with the bear, Ramsay, as usual, was incredulous. Ramsay was the greatest pessimist. He disbelieved everything he heard, and was always imputing bad motives; indeed, I believe if he heard that a man had committed suicide in mid-ocean, he would say immediately he was doing so in order to save funeral expenses on shore. This time, however, I fancy the disgusted way in which Scotty threw the bear's claw at him, saying, "That didn't grow on a tree," was convincing enough.

In spite of our fatigue we made a fearful attack upon the eatables, and it is truly wonderful with what relish one can enjoy plain, wholesome food after vigorous exercise in the open air. The answer which the Spartan made to the tyrant, Dionysius, when accounting for the zest with which they enjoyed plain black soup, would have been quite applicable on this occasion: "It is by hardship in the chase, a journey to Sparta, hunger and thirst, that the feasts of the Spartans are seasoned."

David Owen Lewis.





LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

BY THE GENERAL LIBRARIAN, OTTAWA.

MONSEIGNEUR DE LAVAL, of the noble house of Montmorency-Laval, was one of the foremost men of the heroic age of New France. The history of his life is told by his works, lasting monuments, which stand to this day in the Province of Quebec. He ranks with Samuel de Champlain who laid the foundation of the political society, as the organizer of religious life in the new dominions of the King of France. The influence of the first bishop of Quebec went beyond his natural atmosphere, for, as member of the *Conseil Souverain*, he took an active part in shaping the political destinies of the country. It may be well surmised that in this Council his views did not always coincide with those of his associates. This embryo Government was composed of the Governor,

the Bishop, the Intendant (who was a sort of Minister of Justice), and of several other members.

Long and desperate was his struggle with the Governors de Mesy, d'Avau-gour, and d'Argenson. This antagonism reached its highest point when Laval came in contact with the haughty and tyrannical de Frontenac. These two opponents were well matched. If the master-mind of the Bishop, speaking in the interests of a superior order, could not be bent, neither would Frontenac, who, like Louis XIV., seemed to say: "L'Etat, c'est moi," make the least concession on the liquor question of the day. The Governor held that, in order to secure the fur trade with the Indians, it was necessary to let the colonist barter *eau-de-vie* for peltries, otherwise the savages would take their

stock over to New York and New England. Such an argument very naturally aroused the indignation of Laval, who considered the success of French trade, bought at the sacrifice of the poor Indian's soul, as immoral in the highest degree.

Four times did he cross the ocean to plead his case before the king,—the case of a client who would have rejoiced at an adverse decision. His success was only partial; the liquor traffic was restricted to the French settlements, and the *Coueurs de bois* forbidden to take any "fire water" with them in the forests for trade purposes. The honour of having been the first Canadian prohibitionist can safely, we think, be claimed for Monseigneur de Laval.

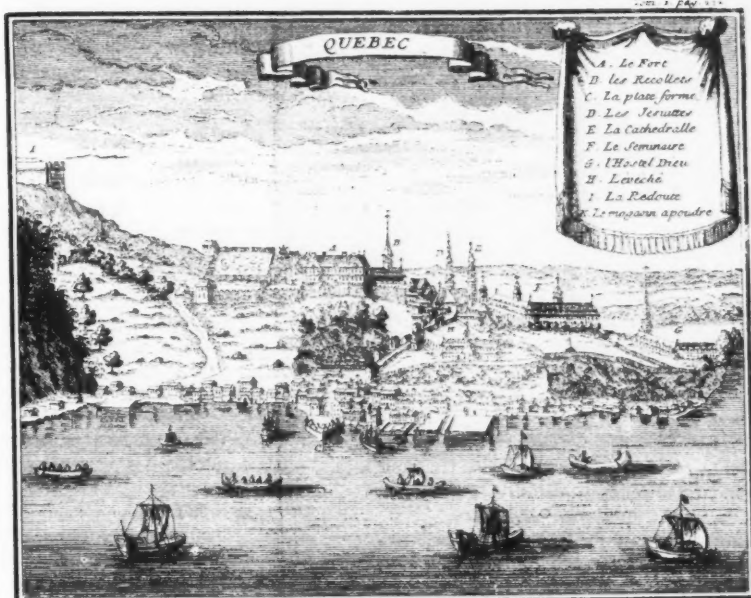
It is not our purpose to set forth all the good works achieved by this great man. This study must be confined to the educator, to the founder of the institution which developed into the Laval University. The field opened to his zeal was immense. The diocese of Quebec stretched over a country larger than Europe: from the Atlantic shores to the boundless West, with undefined frontiers northwards. Numerous auxiliaries were required to conquer a new kingdom to Christianity. Education up to Laval's time had been in the hands of the Recollet fathers, Ursuline nuns, and the Sisters of *La Congregation de Montreal*. With these the requirements of the increasing colony could not be supplied, and the year 1663 saw the foundation of the classical institution of *Le petit Seminaire de Quebec*, to which was added a few years later the *Grand Seminaire*, where theology was taught, and which became later one of the faculties of the first Catholic University in America. Within the walls of this great institution a host of distinguished men have received their education: bishops, statesmen, men of letters, and members of parliament. Laval's activity and zeal knew no bounds, and his far-seeing intelligence went forward to meet the wants of the country. In 1685 a model farm and a training

school for arts and trades, at St. Joachim, some thirty miles below Quebec, opened their doors, under his care and at his expense, to the youth of the colony. His affections were chiefly centered in the Quebec seminary, which he endowed in a princely manner. Among the lands willed over to his creation were the Seigniorship of Beaupre, extending from the Montmorency River to la Riviere du Gouffre at Baie St. Paul, the Seigniorship of the Isle Jesus, now the larger part of the County of Laval.

For thirty years after the laying of the corner-stone of the seminary fortune had smiled on Laval undertakings; the young institution was in a flourishing state when the wind of misfortune began to batter its walls. Just at the beginning of the eighteenth century a disastrous fire left nothing but the ruins of the work of the great bishop. It had hardly been rebuilt when it again (1705) became a prey to the devouring element. This double calamity saddened the declining years of Laval, who passed away in 1708.

There is still in existence a part of the Quebec seminary built during Mgr. de Laval's days. The walls are six feet thick, and strong enough to stand a siege—not against modern war engines though. The first two stories are arch-roofed, and the Seminary's archives are kept in that safe place. The late F. Parkman had access to them, and considered them most valuable. The author of *l'Histoire de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, Bacqueville de la Potherie, who wrote in 1722, has left us a description of this noble edifice, which was very large and very fine for a colonial institution. The old plan of Quebec, which we reproduce here, is taken from La Potherie.

We have now come to the darkest days in the history of the Quebec Seminary; the institution was most seriously involved; no help could be had from France; and what could be expected from the colony which, during the first half of the eighteenth century, was engaged in three wars with the neighbouring colonies! The last,



FROM AN OLD MAP.

VIEW OF QUEBEC, IN 1722.

The Seven Years' War, with its six bloody campaigns, left the country in a desperate state; and after the capitulation of Montreal, when French power came to an end in Canada, when the civil government, and all those who could afford it, followed the Fleur de Lis flag to the Motherland, the destitution of Canada was beyond description. For many years after, the directors of the Quebec Seminary had to cope with such difficulties that posterity will wonder how they were successfully overcome. More than once famine stared the courageous priests in the face, and they had to reduce their scanty fare in order that the pupils' table might be supplied with food.

In the midst of their labours at home, the directors of the Seminary were untiring in their efforts to spread, far and wide, faith and education as well as French influence. Their zeal knew no bounds. In 1698 the unknown region of the West opened a vast field to their activity. On one fine July morning

the lower town of Quebec was all astir. The whole population had gathered on the river shore to witness the departure for the Illinois country of Messrs. de Montigny, Davion and Saint-Come, who were under orders to go and establish missions among the savages of that far-away land. Other apostles followed later on, and the cross was planted for the first time in the Illinois region, on the shores of the Ohio and of Mississippi. Forts Natchez and St. Louis, further south, were subsequently established by Messrs. Thaumur de la Source and Lemer cier. Of these priests the celebrated historian Charlevoix wrote in 1772, "Formerly my disciples, they could to-day be my masters."

Towards the beginning of the last century it became Louisiana's turn to receive religious pioneers, hailing from New France. The parishes of Sainte-Famille and Sainte-Anne are indebted to Laval's foundation for their earliest pastors. These migrations from north



FRANÇOIS DE LAVAL-MONTMORENCY, 1623-1708.

to south continued until the year 1754, or almost up to the Seven Years' War. Louisiana was a dependency of the apostolic see of Quebec, and the bond which connected the city of Champlain with New Orleans was broken only after the Declaration of Independence. The Quebec Seminary had extensive properties in the South, but their rights to it were contested; to settle this difficulty, in 1857 the Seminary ceded all their claim to these lands to the bishop of Alton.

In Acadia, which was nearer home, Laval's disciples sent some of their members to different stations, such as Miramichi, Chedebouctou, Isle Royale.

Trouble and work increased with time. The Jesuits' College having been suppressed after the conquest of Canada, and the Sulpician's Seminary

not being yet in existence (it was only opened in 1773), the task of supplying superior education to the whole country devolved altogether on Laval's successors. Obstacles cropped up on all sides. In 1783 the Government propounded a scheme to establish a Protestant university, with the object of denationalizing the king's new subjects. To attempt to suppress a nation's language is to attack its very soul; and it became the duty of the patriotic followers of Laval to defeat this cruel project. The triumph was theirs, but how dearly bought!

Difficulties of many other kinds they had to encounter. Intercourse with France had been completely broken off after the conquest, and this want of communication with the parent country, coupled with the poverty-stricken state of Canada, brought on a scarcity of French books. Only the most important ones

could be had. As to many classics, the pupils would bring them into the college copied by their own hand. The writer of this article remembers having perused, whilst a student of Laval in 1866, a manuscript translation of Homer's Iliad, the work of Joseph Papineau, father of the celebrated tribune. It was written in old French style, with round letters, but very legible. A sort of rough leather binding, evidently home-made, kept the leaves together.

It was also the custom in those days among the people to pay for board and tuition in nature. During the first September week it was no uncommon sight to see a *habitant* winding his way up Mountain Hill, accompanied by his son, both urging ahead of them a pair of steers towards the seminary, where

they were intended to represent the price of instruction of a future professional man or priest.

Better days, however, were in store for the oldest educational establishment in Canada. With the general development of the country, the resources of the Quebec Seminary increased, and its directors then carried out a long cherished scheme, the creation of a great Catholic University. This matter had long been discussed by the bishops and superiors of various institutions. As though foreseeing obstacles that were to loom up at no distant date, the Quebec priests expressed the opinion that Montreal, by far the richest and most populous city of Lower Canada, should be the seat of the university in preference to Quebec. But Montreal would not listen to this argument. The honour of dispensing the highest education, it was said, belonged to Quebec, the first harbour of Catholicity in North America, the mother of all churches in this hemisphere north of Mexico. Half persuaded, the directors of the seminary went to work with a will; all their resources, their wealth were thrown into the enterprise. Their simple life made this sacrifice very light, as every one will understand when they hear that, no matter what amount of money may stand to the credit of the institution, the directors and professors of Laval are entitled to an indemnity of only one hundred dollars a year, out of which they are expected to keep up their wardrobe.

In 1852 there arrived in Quebec a royal charter, giving life to the Laval University such as it exists to-day. In very little time four faculties were inworking or-

der under the direction of the late Louis-Jacques Casault, its first rector, and the man who had been instrumental, with Lord Elgin's assistance, in obtaining Her Majesty's consent to the foundation of the new institution. Professors learned in law were sent to France to study. Doctors in medicine went from Quebec to London, Edinburgh and Paris to better qualify themselves in their new role. Following this general impetus given to science, regents in the classes of belles-lettres crossed the ocean to attend lectures and conferences at la Sorbonne and other centres of learning. Within five years over a million dollars had been expended in buildings, fitting up museums, completing libraries, and making other improvements.

In a large main building commanding a most magnificent view of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, with



LOUIS-JACQUES CASAULT, FIRST RECTOR OF LAVAL.



MGR. LAFLAMME, F.R.S.C., PRESENT RECTOR
OF LAVAL.

the Laurentides for background, are to be found large lecture-rooms, museums, collections of all sorts of scientific instruments and a very large library. Mention must also be made of Laval's noted paintings. They are the best to be seen in America, most of them from the hands of masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Many of those paintings were brought to Canada at the time of the French Revolution, by priests who had escaped the guillotine. Several other Quebec institutions have had their share of these valuable tableaux. It is worth while for any one visiting Quebec to spend an hour or two at the Ursulines Chapel, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and at Laval, to admire these masterpieces of old French art.

It is the boast and pride of Laval that they uphold the banner of religious teaching in all the branches of knowledge, whilst materialism is permeating teaching in almost all European universities, destroying faith to

such an extent that Renan once said, after looking at the ravages of the incredulity, "Nous ne sommes plus que l'ombre d'une ombre et nous respirons le parfum d'un vase vide." (We have come to be mere shadows of a shadow, and we only breathe the perfume of an empty vase.)

Though a Catholic institution, Laval has always avoided exclusiveness. Distinguished physicians and lawyers of Protestant faith have been professors of law and medicine within its walls, and mention may be made in this connection of Drs. Jackson and Sewell, and Mr. Colston. The late celebrated American scientist, Dr. Sterry Hunt, lectured for many years on chemistry at Laval.

To complete the organization of superior education in Quebec, all the classical colleges were requested to affiliate themselves to Laval University, on certain conditions, which included a sort of competitive examination for the B.A. degrees between the students of these institutions after their humanities and course of philosophy. This competition, which gave a great stimulus to study, did not prove satisfactory to some of the colleges which held back from the University. About six years ago a new rule was agreed upon, the leading feature of which allows every college the privilege of conferring on their pupils the matriculation to the University either at Quebec or Montreal. It seems to an unprejudiced observer that this change, which was reluctantly conceded by the Laval directors, was not a move in the right direction.

The benefit of university education has been extended to Montreal. It was found that the young men, instead of going down to Quebec for their studies, would attend the lectures at McGill and Victoria, thus defeating the object of the founders of Laval.

The extension or *Succursale* will, of course, greatly hamper the parent institution in Quebec. Loud complaints are heard every day in the sister province about the large and ever-increasing number of lawyers, doctors, and



THE LAVAL SUCCURSALE, MONTREAL.

ST. DENIS STREET.

notaries. Does it not seem strange that, with this fact in view, strong efforts have been made to spread the evil far and wide by this double tuition? It strikes us that one university at Quebec would have been sufficient to meet the requirements of the country, and that it should have been the ambition of all concerned in educational matters to build only one strong institution, to become the rival of European and American universities.

Laval, in the past, has been the nursery of very many men of high repute in Lower Canada. Bishop Plessis, who was a statesman as well as a priest, with twelve other high dignitaries of the Catholic Church, including Cardinal Taschereau and Mgr. Begin, his coadjutor, all hailed from Laval.

The public men of the past, noted for their zeal in the cause of self-government, have been pupils of Laval, such as Bedard, Papineau, Judges Caron and Morin (of the Hincks and Morin Administration), received their education at the Seminary, as well as Cauchon, an old parliamentarian, several times a Minister, Cremazie the poet and Mr. Chauveau, the first Premier of Quebec under the new regime inaugurated in 1867, than whom no one used a more elegant pen in Quebec.

The direction of Laval is now in the hands of Monseigneur Laflamme, Fellow of the Royal Society, a young priest of profound learning, of great devotion to the cause of education, and bent on walking in the footsteps of his great spiritual ancestor.





PHOTO. BY F. E. KARN, CLINTON.

A FINE STRETCH OF ROAD IN HURON COUNTY.

ARTISTIC COUNTRY ROADS.

BY A. W. CAMPBELL, C. E., PROVINCIAL ROAD COMMISSIONER, TORONTO.

THE artistic treatment of roads is a matter in which we have been entirely deficient; more than this, the beautiful has been neglected and sacrificed even when it might have been retained without additional labour and with no loss of the useful. Whatever beauty the country highways of Ontario possess has been bestowed upon them by nature in such a manner, seemingly, as to defy the ever militant hand of the despoiler. For an explanation it is only necessary to remember that the construction of roads in the Province has scarcely yet passed out of the hands of those who hewed the first waggon tracks through the wilderness, and who were constantly engaged in a stern struggle for the bare necessities of life. It is no cause for surprise that, choosing between the useful and the beautiful, the former has invariably gained the ascendancy.

During the past summer I was one day driving through a country district, and turning a corner, came unexpectedly upon a pathmaster with his men doing their statute labour. They were engaged, but not very busily, in throwing the earth from the ditch into the middle of the road. The grade was already so high and steep that, in turning out to pass a scraper, I had to lean over as far as possible to preserve the equilibrium of my buggy. They stopped their work as I drove by.

"Why don't you use some of the dirt to level the sides of the road?" I asked.

My ignorance of roadmaking appalled them. With one accord they looked east, west, north, south. Then a look of determination entered the face of one, a sturdy Scot.

"Losh, mon!" he exclaimed. "Dy'e think yer in th' ceety?"

There is a very prevalent idea that anything that savours in the least degree of the ornamental in roadmaking belongs only to the "ceety."

To what extent the treatment of a roadside should be conventional must depend on circumstances. With what pleasure the most of us can recall some roadway leading through a thinly settled, swampy lowland, and closely bordered with woods! There are very few who would wish to so vandalize the works of nature as to go with a scythe among the golden rod and asters, the flags and the grasses that fill the angles of the moss-grown rail fence. Nor would we hew away the ivy-grown stumps, nor replace the picturesque snake-fence with one that is "neater." Passing, however, from the region of log-houses, with their little forest-encircled clearings, to the location where handsome stone and brick country villas predominate, where the woods have been almost obliterated and the fields have been brought to a condition of perfect cultivation, we must give the Queen's highway a corresponding degree of attention to bring it into harmony with its surroundings.

A century ago the first highways of any importance were laid out in the Province. The forest was then the enemy alike to agriculture and roads, and the pioneer settler quickly learned, too, that it was the foe to his own means of sustenance. Pat's motto at Donnybrook Fair, "When you see a head, hit it," was transposed and applied to the trees. To-day we may, in many localities, pass farm after farm without seeing any of the original trees remaining or any new ones planted for ornamental purposes.

Trees are a necessary adjunct to a beautiful

highway. To make this unqualified statement causes a civil engineer to feel some tremors of conscience, accustomed as he is in this utilitarian age to study only the economic side of construction. Trees are, as a rule, anything but a benefit to a roadway. Masses of foliage and shade, so grateful to the traveller, keep the driveway constantly damp—the bane of good roads. If, however, beauty is desired at the expense of utility, highways can scarcely be too much shaded by over-arching boughs. The happy medium will suffice in the majority of cases; and the evil effect of an avenue of trees will be more than made up by the additional pleasure obtained. Trees, however, need not be planted very close to the carriage-way, but may be within the private property, or, if on the road allowance, as close



PHOTO. BY W. H. MOSS.

A TYPICAL ROUGH SIDE-ROAD AND WOODEN CULVERT.



AMATEUR PHOTO. BY W. O. LOTT, TRENTON, ONT.

A PRETTY ROAD IN HASTINGS COUNTY.

to the fence as practicable. The branches should be trimmed so as not to materially interfere with the paved carriage-way.

The varieties of trees suitable for the ornamentation of highways in this climate are almost infinite. Maples are most commonly used in Canada, and so universal have they become that many trees having equal or greater claims for beauty are overlooked. The elm, with its gracefully arching branches and delicate, lace-like foliage, is unsurpassed. The oak, renowned in England, is rarely used here. And so we might enumerate walnut, butternut, hickory, beech, chestnut, poplar, pine, ranging from the most delicate to the most sombre and rugged, each more or

less adapted to particular requirements and circumstances.

The matter of fences is a very puzzling one. We have not yet found a shrub that will enable us to copy the hedgerows of England; and to stretch a few strands of wire is easier than to construct a stone wall. Masonry is very common in England and in the New England States. Only occasionally may it be seen here; and when overgrown with Virginia creeper or other vines the effect is all that can be desired. The seductive wire fence appears to suit the present stage of road improvement; and in sections of the Province where snow is apt to drift

during a small part of the year there is seemingly no alternative. Where wire is used, however, a very trim appearance may be maintained, and if the fences are made so as to be as inconspicuous as possible, and a generous use is made of trees and shrubs, the result will not be at all disastrous.

Our system of surveys, which lays



PHOTO. BY W. H. MOSS, TORONTO.

A DRIVE IN HIGH PARK, NEAR TORONTO.

off concessions in parallel blocks, with the roadway a rigid line of demarcation, and places cross roads at regular intervals, is responsible for the many cuts and embankments which mar the appearance of the highways. Could roads be laid out as are railways, in a manner that would permit the most convenient route to be taken, much more frequently would we follow pleasant winding lines and graceful curves. Not only would roads laid out in this manner be more artistic in every way, but they would in many instances be shorter. The curve which we make in going down into a hollow and up again, or up a hill and down, is sometimes greater than the horizontal curve that would enable us to avoid the hill altogether.

Very common is the belief that in order to have a beautiful highway an expensive form of paving material must be used. The ideal roadway is of crushed stone or gravel, such as is found in the parks of large cities. A popular feeling is that asphalt has a better appearance than these materials, but this is largely due to the fact that the possibilities of gravel and crushed stone are seldom understood. Horsemen and wheelmen are unanimously in favour of macadam roads, and but very little study of the question is needed to convince one that only when traffic becomes so great as to render the maintenance of gravel or crushed stone roadways impossible, or excessively expensive, asphalt need be used. So that its domain is the busiest thoroughfares of cities.

It is imperative, however, that the driveway shall be as perfect as possible. We are forced to form our ideas of the beautiful largely from the associations with which we clothe an object. It is difficult to harmonize with our conception of beauty a swampy roadway, into which the wheels of our carriage may have, on some dismal autumn day, settled immovably, or over which at the end of a wearisome journey we were compelled to carry a bicycle, as with each step we sank to our shoe-tops in mud. Poets, it is true, find

their inspirations in such country lanes; and a driveway which is largely a pool of water doubtless gathers and reflects the shadows which the painter uses so effectually in his pictures. Roads, however, are not for the exclusive benefit of poets and artists; so that the work of increasing their utility will continue.

The roadside, further, must be shaped and, above all, covered with rich sod. No simple or definite rules can be laid down for this portion of the treatment of highways, and the best law-giver in this respect is nature. Nature does nothing stiffly, with rigid and abrupt lines, but has an infinity of gradations and shadings. An attempt to obtain a perfect level will be futile, and we would only secure awkward grades and stiff transitions. Long, easy, swelling lines should be sought.

The science of roads is principally a matter of drainage. Not that the shaping of the roadway, the gravel covering, and the details are unimportant, but that these are a part of the system of drainage. The deep, dangerous and unsightly open ditches that are so frequently to be seen on either side of the roadway, however, are a great impediment to beauty, and must, in the artistic treatment of our highway, be replaced by under-drains of common field tile, which expedient affords an inexpensive remedy. Shallow gutters must, of course, be provided to carry away the surface water, but they need not disfigure the highway.

A great mistake is made in grading into a carriage-way too wide a portion of the road allowance. For the great majority of the country highways in the Province, twenty-four feet between gutters is ample, the central eight feet only being macadamized. We admire, of course, broad and smoothly-rounded driveways, but wide stretches of sod are equally handsome. The driveway must not be confounded with the road allowance, the statutory width of which is one chain; and this for artistic effects, as well as on sanitary grounds, should never be less - preferably greater.



PHOTO. BY F. E. KARN, CLINTON.

THE HARMONIZED WORK OF MAN AND NATURE.

In no particular are there better opportunities for the artistic treatment of highways than in the class of bridges and culverts employed. The introduction of steel for this purpose permits us to do away with the clumsy and awkward wooden structures which so seldom in their youth are pleasing, and which in old age become grotesque rather than picturesque, replacing them with bridges that are graceful and slender, but strong. Substantial arches of stone are, beyond question, the handsomest that can be employed, their great strength and durability appealing forcefully to one's æsthetic feelings.

To render our highways beautiful at a stroke is a herculean task not to be attempted. To impress upon a certain

section of the community the value of beautiful highways is the first step in the much-needed reform. Having thus gained the point at which this class of improvements will be systematically brought about, the beauty of the highways will in their turn teach the people their desirability. Men are instinctively better citizens for being surrounded with that which is pure and beautiful. The artistic treatment of highways would be a constant reproach to the shiftless; neglected lawns would become fewer; ramshackle houses and barns would be less common; the eye refreshed and educated at every point, a drive or spin along our country roads would mean to us a journey into a vast park.

A. W. Campbell.



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A Muskoka Story.

IT is just two years now since Tom Thorold invited me to spend vacation at his father's cottage in Muskoka.

"Better come with me, old boy," said Tom, in that hearty way of his, "lots of fishing and shooting, with something softer between—lake by moonlight, white dresses, down-cast eyes and all that sort of thing you know. You would be sure to enjoy yourself, and we would like to have you."

"I didn't know there were any young ladies in your family," said I, with an unexpressed wish to draw him out, for Tom never said much about his relations. "Pretty nice girls, I suppose?"

"Only one," said Tom laconically, "Millie's her name; oh, yes, she is a very fine girl, no nonsense about her; but it's Bobbet you'll be taken with, he is the cutest little chap you ever saw, only five years old and as wise as Solomon at fifty. In fact, all our family are rather extraordinary."

"Yes," I remarked, "now that I think of it, your conceit *is* rather above the average, and, as I don't know what might become of you without a kind friend to tell you of your faults now and then, I think I had better go to Muskoka."

My dreams that night were of a very stirring character, being composed chiefly of bear hunts in which I displayed indomitable courage and had many hairbreadth escapes, with an occasional canoe accident, when my prodigies of valour in rescuing Tom's sister won the undying gratitude of all.

For two or three days I was busily engaged in packing, not that I was going to take much, but it was so hard to know just what was necessary. Tom said, "Your very oldest suit, a soft felt hat for wet weather, a wide straw one for dry, one pair of thick shoes, fifty big handkerchiefs, and half-a-dozen flannel shirts, besides sundries." This

advice I followed to the letter; but the sundries were composed, among other things, of a natty, all-round suit of grey tweed, tan shoes, a pair of dancing slippers, some carefully selected ties, and plenty of fine linen; these, you perceive, with an eye to the ladies. A few books completed the modest outfit. It seems the regular thing, somehow, to take books with you when you go away for your holidays, though for what reason I cannot see, for they generally, as in this instance, get terribly in the way and remain unopened until your return. After we had packed and unpacked several times, and squeezed the very last thing (which happened to be a valuable China fruit-dish for Tom's mother) in on top of our boating shoes, all was ready and waiting except the train. Even that came at length, however, and in due time (half-an-hour late) we arrived at the "Villa Thorold," as my friend's summer residence was called.

I had learned from Tom, coming up on the train, that Mrs. Thorold's second cousin on her mother's side was staying with them. Tom blushed as he told me and, as Tom seldom blushes, I drew my own inferences. But both cousin and sister were invisible when we arrived, as in fact were all the rest of the family, it being somewhere around twelve o'clock p.m. and our letter having miscarried. However, we woke them up in right good style, and received a welcome from Mr. Thorold senior, which was wonderfully hearty under the circumstances.

My first impression next morning was that I had never been so tired since my first football game; my next, that it was a fine day and someone was singing in the garden. Peeping from the window, I found that the whole place was one vast garden—wild and uncultivated, it is true, but beautiful beyond



"She was bending over the water."

my powers of description. A little to the left lay the clear blue waters of the lake, calm as a burnished mirror under the beams of the morning sun; and there, on the brink of it, stood a vision of a maiden in white. She was bending over the water, clinging to an overhanging branch of a tree, looking at herself or stay, it might have been the wonderful reflection of light and shade which she admired; but in this "Vanity Fair" one is so apt to get a wrong impression from that sort of thing. She was singing, too, a light, gay air, something about "a pretty village maiden who loved a knight so true"; and so anxious was I to hear the end of the

ditty (though the voice was not that of a nightingale, but, if anything, a little shrill), that I would have quite forgotten the time had not the bell reminded both the young lady and myself that we were rather hungry.

It was Tom's cousin, of course—how silly of Tom to be in love with a vain little thing like that; with such a voice, too; but then, she did have pretty hair.

Everybody, except Tom, was seated in the wide, cool hall, at breakfast when at last I hurried downstairs; for that function at "Villa Thorold" waits for no man. My humble apologies were received with laughing good-nature by my motherly hostess, and the ceremony of introduction commenced.

I remember few ceremonies which surprised me more. My vision of the morning was Millie! That tall, fair girl was Tom's sweetheart; but who was the strange gentleman with the great, black mustache, whom Mrs. Thorold introduced as Mr. Ainsley? And why was he sitting by Millie? Tom came down presently and called him "old boy" in a way which spoke of intimate acquaintance; but as he looked at my rather disappointed face I fancied that he smiled.

Naturally, it took some time to reduce my turbulent thoughts to order, and arrange the various impressions I had received. When this was accomplished, I found that they were rather favourable than otherwise. The stately Miss Stanley, I thought, was a very handsome girl and almost good enough for Tom; while Miss Thorold had certainly the most taking face I had ever seen. As for the gentleman with the black mustache, he was a nice fellow, though dreadfully in the way—for his way seemed always to be Millie's. It

would be hard to describe the charm of Millie Thorold's face, for she was not strictly beautiful, as beauty goes, but the chestnut hair had wavy lights and soft brown shadows which would drive an artist mad, and the brown eyes made up in depth what they wanted in shape, while the small, red mouth had a smile and a dimple unparalleled. It was a face whose very defects seemed to lend a witchery to the sweet, changing capricious whole and—why deny it—before the first week ended, my heart was gone; yes, my heart, which seemed so securely attached to myself, was gone, but so was my hope, for Millie was engaged to Mr. Ainsley with the full consent of both her parents, and Tom had known this and never told me. Tom is so blind.

However, I soon determined to make the best of my present happiness in being with her, and let the future look out for itself, for who can be down-hearted when the air is fresh and the sky clear, and the water sparkles from your dripping oar and the girl you love sits steering your boat and looks with smiling brown eyes from beneath her wide straw hat?

It was to Bobbet that I owed my enlightenment on the subject of Millie's engagement, and that quite accidentally. It chanced that one evening as I strolled by the water, dreaming sweet dreams of sunlight on chestnut hair, that I met him quite unexpectedly, about half a mile from the house, looking the picture of despair and misery.

"What's up, old fellow?" I cried, catching him up on my shoulder in the best humour possible. "Some of the polliwogs got away, or is Sambo dead?"

"No," said Bobbet, in a subdued whisper, "it's awfuller than that—I went into the parlour after tea, and there was sister Millie and Mr. Ainsley sitting on the sofa, and I wanted Mr. Ainsley to come fishing, but mother said, quite cross, 'run away, Bobbet, your sister Millie and Mr. Ainsley are engaged,' and," continued he, bursting into tears, "Cousin Sally—got—engaged and went away and—never—came back!"

No doubt it was my duty to condole with the disconsolate child over the prospective loss of his sister; but human nature at the best is selfish. So, placing him, still sobbing, on a log, I strolled away to consider the news in solitude.

All next day I was perfectly miserable, and could enjoy nothing; but, little by little, that hope which "springs eternal" reasserted itself, and I decided to be happy in her company for the little time left me before the full weight of my loss would make itself felt in absence from her. With sharpened powers of observation I soon noticed that for an engaged couple Millie and Mr. Ainsley were anything but attentive to each other; especially did I contrast his carelessness of her with Tom's devotion to his cousin, and my blood boiled that he should so little appreciate the jewel he had won. When a young man is in love it doesn't take much to make his blood boil. In this existing state of things we were much thrown together, and often found ourselves alone, and scarcely an evening passed that I did not tremble to think of how nearly I had betrayed myself during the day. But Millie seemed to suspect nothing. She would look at me so frankly out of her beautiful eyes, with a little smile curving her lips, and the sweetest, tiniest blush on her rounded cheek—so happy, so girlish, so innocent, that I always saved myself in time.

My stay was drawing to a close, and on the next day but one I must leave her. Tom and Mr. Ainsley were out hunting; we had paddled across the lake to a beautiful spot called "Elf Glen," and Master Bobbet had insisted on coming with us. I remember the dress Millie wore that day, a soft, blue muslin with pretty, fanciful dashes of snowy lace; her hair was coiled low on her neck, and waved back from her forehead, where one bright, little curl rested lovingly. But there was something else, a slight sadness about the smiling mouth, an unusual absence of the sunbeams in the hazel eyes. Could it be for me? I was miserable and speechless, and Millie was a little silent



"Think it," thundered Tom, "I know it."

too, but Bobbet did talking enough for both of us. I can scarcely think of any subject which this inveterate searcher after knowledge did not discuss; he was particularly curious, I remember, to find out what was at the centre of the earth and the way to get there. He wondered how they ever found a tree long enough to make the North Pole, and how it was that we didn't stand on our heads when the world turned round; also, what we would stand upon if we did, and similar useful subjects. At last, even he grew silent, and the conversation became very tame indeed.

"Let me see, Miss Thorold," said I, with a dismal attempt to appear unconcerned, "I believe it is the day after to-morrow that I leave—how quickly the days fly. My stay here seems more like a week than a month."

"I am glad you have enjoyed yourself," replied Millie, with a slight effort, and again fell into silence.

"Millie," said Bobbet, who had turned sleepy, sliding up to her, "Mil-

lie, you look just like I feel when I want a kiss."

This little speech was the last straw, and broke my vow and my silence together. I don't know just what I said nor how far I got in my base confession when the whiteness of my love's face brought me to myself and showed me the wrong of the step I had taken.

"Miss Millie," I faltered, "I have sinned against all honour, for I am not free to speak; forgive me, and forget this if you can—my only excuse is in my love—I will not offend again, good-bye."

"Good-bye," whispered Millie, bending her white face over the sleeping child, so that I could not read its message, and in another moment I had left her.

If ever a man arose with a sad heart it was I next morning. I must never see her again, after my miserable confession, that was certain. It was also certain that the day of happiness was over, and the night was darker than even I had fancied. By my foolish want of self-control, I had added the serpent sting of remorse to the pain of unrequited love and lost my honour and my self-respect together. These and many other reflections of the same character occupied my mind as I drew the strap of my one trunk next morning and sat down on the lid to make it catch. As I was engaged in this rather discomposing effort the door opened and Tom came in. Not laughing, gay, rollicksome Tom; but Tom with a very grave face. This was comforting; perhaps the cousin had refused him and we could condole with each other!

But no, there was a sternness in Tom's aspect not at all compatible with this explanation of the case.

"Tom, old boy," said I, in eager explanation, "got a telegram from our folks last night, and must go back to the city one day earlier. Come and sit on this trunk, like a good fellow; it won't go down."

"I won't sit on your trunk," replied Tom, angrily and without the faintest trace of humour; "and I don't wonder you have a sudden summons home; any man would after the way in which you have acted. To think," he declared warmly, "that I should have chosen as my friend one who is so lost to any sense of honour as to accept my hospitality for the purpose of making love to my sister, while all the time his hand and his honour are engaged elsewhere."

"What," I gasped, "why Tom, you don't mean to say that you think I am engaged, do you?"

"Think it," thundered Tom, "I know it! I heard what you said to Millie yesterday. 'I have sinned against all honour, for I am not free to speak'; those were your very words, sir—deny them if you can!"

"I don't deny them," I answered, jumping off the trunk in my excitement, while a light broke suddenly on my bewildered brain, "and I don't want to; but Tom, dear old friend, can it be that I was mistaken, I thought that Millie was engaged to Mr. Ainsley?"

I never saw Tom look so bewildered as at that moment—never. "This is a regular Comedy of Errors," said he, "of course Millie is not engaged to Ainsley, or to anyone else; but whatever gave you that idea. I can't see light at all."

"It was Bobbet," I confessed, rather shame-facedly, as I saw how jealously prejudiced I had been. I then explained to him how Bobbet had told me that his mother had said that he must run away, for Millie and Mr. Ainsley were engaged.

"Engaged in discussing their respective duties as bridesmaid and groomsman at my wedding," said Tom.

And then Tom laughed, and shook me by the hand and laughed again, and sat down on the refractory trunk and laughed some more, and I laughed, too, and never felt so happy in my life; for I felt that Millie loved me and that I was free to speak at last.

Isabelle E. Mackay.

HALIFAX.

FACING the ocean, guardian of our land,
Thy frowning forts and ramparts front the foam
Whose waves still ceaseless chafe the rocky strand,
While salt winds waft sea-odours o'er our home.

All the round year the tramp of armed men,
Crisp bugle calls, the guns at noon and night,
And martial music tell to us again
That Britain guards us with a jealous might.

Where the loft citadel stands stern and steep,
Long may her banner grandly o'er us wave,
And loyal hearts beneath it proudly leap,
Because no Briton ever was a slave!

All blessings on our dear old city rest!
Safe homes and happy make our souls rejoice,
And unto God, who giveth all things best,
Let thanks be raised by grateful heart and voice!

Constance Fairbanks

RECONCILED.

A Christmas Story.

I.

IT was Christmas Eve.

In his cosy sitting-room sat Harry Lingard, and on the cheerful hearth-rug lay his sole companion, a fox-terrier named Jack. Jack, whose day had been spent in the frantic but fruitless chasing of sparrows in the snowy streets, looked tired but comfortable; the handsome face of his master, whose chief employment that day had been the choosing and despatching of a beautiful gold bracelet to a certain lady at Linden-Lea, wore a decidedly sad expression.

"It is good to be a dog," thought Harry, "bad to be a married man and have no wife. Such a wretch is an anomaly in polite society." He snapped his fingers. Jack, sacrificing comfort to sympathy, rose and rested his white muzzle between his master's hands.

"Jack," said Harry, "it's hard lines, old fellow! It is not good for man to live alone. 'Not alone,' you say. You rascal! Well, not quite, perhaps. But what do you know about scripture? We used to be great company, you and I, Jack. But that was before Bessie—."

At the word, Jack sprang round and stood with his eyes fixed on the curtained doorway, his stump of a tail wagging expectantly.

"She won't come, Jack."

Jack resumed his position for conversation.

"No, she won't," went on his master, and a dry, husky sob struggled from his breast, and a tear—yes, actually a tear—fell into Jack's right eye and made him blink.

"Women have no hearts, Jack, now-a-days—at least, nothing to count on—or, she would have come back long ago to her—to a faithful, old dog that loves her."

There was a ring at the door-bell, and Jack, with a bark, rushed through the curtains into the hall, followed by his master, who opened the street door; and the light from the vestibule lamp fell upon as dirty a little impish face as could be found in a city noted for its cleanliness and sanitary economics.

"You Mr. Lingard?" asked the imp, unhesitatingly.

"I am, young man," replied Harry. "Step in out of the cold. Never mind your tuque! You won't be able to get into it again. Now?"

"You're to come straight with me. A gentleman wants to see you," answered the imp. "The lady gave me ten cents to fetch you."

"Indeed! Where may this imperative gentleman live, my young Mercury?"

"That's not my name. I'm Joe—I am; and I wasn't to tell you anythin'—only to bring you."

Harry, wondering a little at the imp's assurance, laughed, returned to the hall for his hat and coat, and, in a few minutes, was walking down the street with his strange guide. They entered a house in a row of shabby tenements in the east end, and the boy led Harry upstairs and knocked at the door of a room on the first flat. The door was opened by a fair-haired, sweet-faced young lady, who bade him enter.

"Harry, old fellow, I thought you would come. I am glad to see you," came from a pale, sick-looking, though handsome, young man reclining in an easy chair.

"Herbert!" exclaimed Harry, clasping the thin, worn hand. "Is it, indeed, you?"

"Annie," said the young man, without rising, "this is Harry Lingard, my sister's husband. My wife—Harry."

"Your wife?" gasped Harry, taking

Annie's hand and gazing in surprise at the softly-flushing countenance.

"My dear wife," asseverated Herbert, with moist eyes. "And the sweetest little woman that God ever made."

The excitement brought on a violent fit of coughing, and Annie was by his side in a moment.

"Herbert," she pleaded, in her low, tender voice, "you must be quiet!"

"Yes, dear, I will be more careful," said the husband, drawing his wife to him. "Sit here, Harry; I want to talk to you."

"When I left home two years ago I was forbidden my father's house. What I was before that, Harry, you know. What I have been since, Annie knows—don't you, dear?" he asked, kissing her hand.

"You have been the best and dearest of husbands," was the fond reply.

"Then, I am what my wife has made me," said Herbert, simply.

"I vowed I would never enter my father's house again. Then I went to Montreal, where I met Annie and married her; and I have found that there is no truer protection under heaven for a man against himself than a fond and faithful wife. Everything went well with us at first, Harry; but my constitution does not seem to be the best. Three months ago I caught a severe cold, which, being neglected, promises to"—he winced a little—"to lay me up. Annie here is the cleverest little woman!" Annie blushed and raised a warning finger.

"She can speak French like a native. She is a capital stenographer and typewriter, and she has worked herself to death to make all ends meet."

"Herbert!" exclaimed Annie, "do not say such things, please."

"I wouldn't care, Harry," went on Herbert, "if it were merely for my own sake—but something must be done for her, now—and I have come here to play the prodigal—to humble myself before my father; and I want you to help me."

Harry took out his watch, but it was

remarkable what a time he was in making out the hour.

"It is nine o'clock. In ten minutes I shall have a hack here, and you and Mrs. Travick are going to my house. There is plenty of room there, God knows!" said Harry, with a bitterness his hearers could not understand.

"Now, not a word, Mrs. Travick. The drive will not hurt Herbert; so please be ready."

Without waiting for further speech, Harry was gone; and an hour later, to Jack's astonishment, no fewer than three persons were cosily grouped around the sitting-room fire, one of whom was young and fair, and, to his intense delight and comfort, wore petticoats.

Presently, Herbert inquired:

"But, where is Bessie, Harry?"

Harry's face flushed even in the ruddy glow of the fire, as he answered:

"She is at home."

"At home? Do you mean at Linden-Lea?"

Harry nodded; whilst Herbert and his wife watched the sad, averted face.

"I may as well tell you," said Harry, looking up. "It will save misapprehension."

"Our marriage, Herbert, was a mistake. Bessie should have married a wealthy man, and I a woman like your wife." And he smiled sadly.

"Business was bad—wretched; and I could not afford to go the pace necessary to meet Bessie's requirements. This led to misunderstandings, and, I regret to say, bitter words, and she returned to her parents' home. That is all there is to it."

"And, does your—your wife never, never come to see you, Mr. Lingard?" asked Annie, with amazement in her tender eyes.

"She has not been inside of this house for two months," Harry replied huskily.

"I am afraid we are a sad lot, we Travicks," said Herbert. "We don't seem to be able to run straight. You won't care to accompany me to Linden-Lea to-morrow, then, Harry?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Harry. "Your parents and I are the best of friends;

so are Bessie and I,—friends, you know." And he wondered how she would receive that gold bracelet he had sent her.

Herbert and his wife retired for the night and left their host alone with his thoughts—and Jack.

For some time Harry Lingard sat gazing at the two vacant chairs in such loving conjunction on the opposite side of the fire-place, and his thoughts were bitter as death. Alas! how many of these little tragical ironies of life are being enacted every day! To Harry, Herbert Travick, a home out-cast, penniless, ill, almost starving, with that fair young life twining round his existence, was an object of envy. He, with his tasteful home and a competence sufficient to make a woman like Herbert's wife richly contented, could not keep the woman he had married within his home.

The clock struck twelve. It was Christmas Day—the day in all the year sacred to tender feeling and the reunion of hearts estranged. With a groan, Harry buried his head in his arms on the table.

Yes; it was a mistake, he said to himself, to marry Bessie Travick. Nurtured in luxury, the belle of fashionable society, with a home and life that satisfied every requirement of her nature, how could he, a mere business man—rising, it was true—hope to make her happy? And yet, he thought, he had honestly striven to do so. How often, when brain-sick with planning and heart-sick with the fear of ruin, he had danced a nightly attendance on his beautiful wife in her ceaseless round of gaiety, and, weary and leaden-souled, had stolen from her side the next morning to renew the stern grapple with the hard necessities of business life! Then, when banks were closing their doors, and old reliable houses failing, when every dollar he had in the world was needed to keep his own little ship afloat, she had proposed and insisted on giving a series of entertainments that would have stripped the roof from their heads. What had he done then?

In his desperation he had inveighed

against the useless extravagance, and when his wife, hurt by his stern words, had answered hotly, he had bade her mind her own affairs and cultivate a better temper. Then, with the additional burthen of this sharp estrangement round his heart, he had taken his way down to his office, and, by dint of clever management and pure pluck, succeeded in floating his storm-tossed little bark into smoother and safer waters. He had come home that evening, not unnaturally, elated with his triumph, and ready to make any possible amends for his harshness and necessary restrictions, to find by his dinner plate a perfumed note from his wife, informing him that, as she felt she had no place in his home or his affections, she had resolved to seek the shelter of her parents' roof. Whereupon he had sprung from the table and despatched two notes, one to his wife and another to her father; the former stating that her own home was open to her whenever she should think fit to enter it, but that he would never ask her to do so; the latter requesting Mr. Travick not to interfere, but to allow things to run their own course.

In the light and warmth of the touching scenes of conjugal trust and affection which he had witnessed that night, he taxed himself with his fair share of the blame; but his heart was torn with tender regrets and sore with hopeless longing. Would Herbert Travick's wife, under similar conditions, have acted as Bessie had acted? He could not think it possible. Wherein lay the difference? Annie loved her husband; Bessie did not. There was the whole trouble in a nutshell. Bessie had never loved him, and that was his misfortune; he worshipped the very image of his absent wife, and that was his misery. Things must take their course; that was his conclusion for the twentieth time.

"Jack, old fellow, shall we go to bed?" said Harry, rising. Jack yawned, stretched himself and walked sedately to the curtains. Up the softly-carpeted stairs they stole, Jack leading the way. This was the nightly performance. Ah!



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

"A perfumed note from his wife."

Bessie Lingard! could you have witnessed the sad procession, could you have seen the fondly-foolish caress bestowed upon an old dressing-gown, mercifully overlooked in your hurried flight, you had never, as wife, passed a peaceful night in the luxurious home of your maiden days. But, of course, only Jack, out of the corner of his sleepy eye, saw the pitiful action, and he never could tell you, though he tried his best to do so many a time.

II.

On Christmas morning, after exchanging greetings, Harry and his guests sat down to what he, accustomed to breakfast alone, could not but consider a cheerful meal. How could it be otherwise, under the fresh and genial presidency of Herbert's dainty wife?

Herbert resolved, as he expressed it, to introduce himself to his parents "by instalments," and to leave his "better half," for the time being, at Lingard's.

Accordingly, he and Harry drove down to Linden-Lea in a covered sleigh. The latter, having made his Christmas greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Travick, said:

"I have brought an old friend with me, who would also like to wish you a happy Christmas. It is Herbert, your son."

Mr. Travick grew pale and stern, and his wife agitated.

"You will not refuse to receive him, Mr. Travick? The poor fellow is ill—a mere wreck of his former self, physically; but in mind and soul a renewed man."

"Oh, Mr. Lingard!" cried Mrs. Travick; "where is he—my son?"

"He is waiting outside in the sleigh. I'll bring him in."

In a few moments, leaning on Harry's arm, Herbert Travick re-entered the doors, which had once been sternly, but not altogether unjustly, closed against him.

"A merry Christmas, mother," said Herbert, cheerily.

"Oh, Herbert! my poor boy!" sobbed Mrs. Travick, with her arms around him. "You are sick—dying, perhaps,—and you did not tell us."

"Not at all, mother; only a nasty cold. I shall soon be all right again, now. This is good of you, father," said Herbert, wringing the outstretched hand of Mr. Travick, who just managed to say, "You are welcome home, my son," and then walked hurriedly to his own room, where he shut himself up alone with his joy and grief; for, he feared that he had read death upon his son's pallid face.

Then a stately woman, with a pale, beautiful face and trailing robe, came gliding down the stairs and flung her arms about Herbert's neck.

"Ah, Bessie, you naughty girl, I expected to meet you in your own house, last night," said Herbert, playfully.

"Herbert—my brother! but what a wreck! Your poor thin cheeks!" which she kissed lovingly. "Your eyes, alone, are the same."

"I'm all right, Bessie, I tell you," Herbert replied hastily, his eyes fixed

upon his mother's anguished countenance. Then poor Herbert went off into a fit of coughing that shook the healthy frames of his mother and sister more than his own.

Recovering, his eyes fell upon Harry Lingard standing in the doorway, a look of unutterable sadness on his face. Turning to his sister, he said almost crossly, "Bessie, don't you see Harry there?"

His sister flushed vividly and, with downcast eyes, she gave her husband her hand for a moment. "Accept my thanks for this—it is very beautiful," she said, turning the bracelet on her arm. And that was all that passed between them. Harry left the Travick family to their joy over Herbert's return, and drove sadly to his own home.

During the afternoon brother and sister saw much of each other. Of himself, Herbert said little, of his wife not a word, but of Bessie's husband he never wearied. He spoke of Harry's nobleness and generosity of character, and of other excellent qualities which Harry did not possess. Certainly, he liked to have his own way. What man, worthy of the name, did not; but he had a heart as tender as a woman's—more tender than that of one woman he knew. At all of which Bessie blushed, read and re-read the pattern of the carpet, and covertly pressed and kissed the charming bracelet she had worn from early morning.

In the evening Bessie withdrew to her own room, and, after a short but satisfactory consultation with her mirror, arrayed herself in the most beautiful gown in her wardrobe. Never, even in her maiden days of conquest, had she taken such pains with her toilet. Then, enveloped in a rich fur-lined cloak, she glided down the stairs. In the hall she paused. Yes; she would just look in upon them in the drawing-room. Opening the door, she stood, for a few moments, a vision of warm, glowing beauty; her lips just murmured "Good-bye;" and she was gone, with her brother's hearty "Good luck, Bess!" ringing in her tingling ears.

Alighting at her husband's handsome

little villa, she was hurrying through the garden gate, when the driver called after her:

"Shall I wait, ma'am?"

"No—yes,—you had better wait, Jerry," she answered, and swept up the snowy path.

The window of her husband's sitting-room, with the red curtains partially drawn, looked warm and inviting. Yes, she would peep inside. It would give her time to steady herself, and she would then know how best to act. With a happy little fluttering of heart and throat she stepped aside, looked in, and the shy expression of gladness gave place to painful surprise, passion and despair.

Sitting side by side were Harry Lingard and a lovely woman, his dark curls almost mingling with her light, wavy hair. They were looking at the photographs in a large album. With a painful tightening of her heart-strings, Bessie gazed and wondered. Harry had no sister—she knew. And, surely, no woman any further removed in kinship had a right to be sitting alone with him, and so close to him. Just then the two heads lifted, and Harry sat gazing at his companion with such an expression as Bessie never remembered having seen on his face; whilst the woman's beautiful eyes seemed brimming with tenderness and a gentle pity. As a matter of fact, Harry and Mrs. Herbert Travick were discussing Bessie's own beauty, as revealed in a group of excellent portraits; but Bessie did not know that. She only saw "eyes looking love into eyes that spake again," and the demon of jealousy entered into her and tore the veil from her soul; and, for the first time in her brief married life, she knew how much she loved her husband.

"And I made myself beautiful for this," she said to herself in anguish. "No wonder he never sought me! 'Lonely!' Herbert said. Very lonely, indeed! And I have been breaking my heart, and hungering for his love—love such as this. I will go home and never see or speak to him again. The hypocrite! with his shameless—oh, it is

monstrous!" The last words burst upon the stillness of the night, starting her into consciousness of her situation. She was standing in the walk before the door. What was she to do?

"I am his wife," she said, in low, tense tones, "his lawful wife. I will not thus be thrust from my rightful place. I will brave him to his face. When I do leave him again," she sobbed, and struggled for calmness and breath. "he shall acknowledge that I have just cause."

She noiselessly opened the door, crossed the hall, and with pale face, her beautiful lips curved with scorn, and her eyes flashing defiance and unholy triumph—all unmindful of Jack's joyful welcome—she met the astonished gaze of her husband. Anger made her remorseless and dead to consequences.

"Harry Lingard," she hissed, "what does this mean? Who is this—this—?"

"Bessie!" exclaimed her husband, startled at her appearance and tones.

"Who is this woman?" thundered Bessie, pointing at poor Annie.

"For Heaven's sake!" pleaded Harry, "don't speak and look like that. This is Herbert's wife—Mrs. Travick—Mrs. Lingard. Hasn't Herbert told you? I imagined at first you had come to see her."

It would tax the powers of a kinesiograph to record the changes of expression that played like gleams of lightning over Bessie's beautiful features.

"Herbert's wife?—my dear brother's wife?"

The cloak fell from Bessie's shoulders, and the two women were clasped in each other's arms—and Harry felt himself again left out in the cold—even Jack had no sympathy for him.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" pleaded Bessie in tones of the keenest distress. "I didn't know. I thought—oh, God, what a relief! I was so—so miserable, and now, I am so happy?"

Then Bessie turned her warm, excited face to Harry, and said:

"We must take her home immediately, Harry. I understand it all—and

they will be so glad to see her. I believe the sleigh is still waiting. Run away, dear, and get your things on."

Annie looked at Harry in perplexed inquiry.

once, had become absorbed in the photograph album. Finally, he asked:

"Bessie, if you did not come for— for Annie, what did you come here for?"



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

"He turned to find his wife—by his side."

"I think it will be best," he said, in answer to her look.

Now, whilst Annie was away, Harry stood, man-fashion, with his back to the mantel-piece, gazing mournfully on the bent head of his wife, who, all at

"I came to—to wish you—a Happy Christmas," replied his wife, with heightened colour, but downcast face.

Harry sighed audibly, and Bessie comfortably. Then Harry went into rhapsodies about Herbert's wife, about

her love, her self-sacrifice, her labour and cleverness, her undying devotion to her husband. He had the pulpit, and he read his wife a fine little homily, manlike, undoing nicely the work that Bessie's own heart had been doing for him, and ended magnificently thus :

"Some women lift their husbands into a heaven on earth, and others take a wilful pleasure in driving them to the devil."

Fortunately, perhaps, Mrs. Travick entered the room ready to start.

Annie was received with open arms by Mr. and Mrs. Travick, to whom Herbert had, in the interval, confided all ; and the united family enjoyed a very happy Christmas night.

It was late when Harry Lingard, feeling like a spirit ejected from Paradise, rose to leave for his lonely home. To add to the irony of it all, everybody followed him into the hall and stood, watching him, as he imagined, whilst he put on his overshoes and overcoat. At last he was ready. Raising his eyes to exchange a parting glance with Bessie, he was disappointed to find she had disappeared. Crestfallen, and hardly daring to lift his eyes again for fear his friends should read his anguish, with his heart lying in his breast like a lump of lead, he suddenly became conscious that a trembling hand was resting on his bent arm. He turned to find his wife standing, bonneted and cloaked, by his side, and he knew what it meant.

After that, Harry had but a dim recollection of four happy faces beaming warmly upon him, of a soft, clinging burthen on his arm, and a warm, fragrant presence coiling round his heart, setting it all aglow, until he awoke to full consciousness in the closed sleigh, and he found his wife sobbing in his arms. The novelty of the situation was so startling, that he had much ado to persuade himself that he was not carrying her away against her will, and felt intensely relieved when Bessie, with a final sob, said :

"Won't Jack be glad to have me home again?"

And Jack was glad. He went wild, and so monopolized his mistress' society that Harry had to restrain a mad impulse to kick him out of the room.

"But you were cruel to-night, Harry!" said Bessie, with her head on her husband's shoulder.

"How was that?" asked Harry, a little startled.

"You should not have pelted me, as you did, with the virtues of another man's wife. I can't be like Annie, because I have not the chance. Herbert seems to cling to his wife for help and support ; whilst you seem all-sufficient for yourself. There is such a difference in men!"

Harry wondered that he had never before discovered what a clever, philosophic woman he had married.

Thomas Swift.

WHY?

I love her for her winsome eyes,
And yet—ah no—if they were blind
And dulled with age or dimmed by care,
No queen to me were half so fair.

I love her for her smiling eyes,
Her dainty head so proudly set,
Yet could she lose them, I confess,
I would not love one whit the less.

I love her for her gentle grace,
For the pure heart that shines through all,
I love her first and last and best
Because of her soul's loveliness.

Isabelle E. Mackay.

KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGET HOWE'S CONFESSIONAL.

WHEN the General and Kate were loitering over breakfast the morning after the ovation, they heard the sound of a horse's feet on the gravel, and Donald came in with more than his usual importance.

"It is a messenger from Muirtown Castle, and he is waiting to know whether there will be any answer." And Donald put one letter before the father and another before the daughter, both showing the Hay crest. Kate's face whitened as she recognized the handwriting on her envelope, and she went over to the window seat of a turret in the corner of the room, while the General opened his letter, standing on a tiger-skin with his back to the fireplace in the great hall. This is what he read:

"MY DEAR CARNEGIE,—When men have fought together in the trenches before Sebastopol, as their ancestors have rode side by side with Prince Charlie, I hope you will agree with me they need not stand on ceremony. If I seem guilty of any indiscretion in what I am going to say, then you will pardon me for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"You have one daughter and I have one son, and so I do not need to tell you that he is very dear to me, and that I have often thought of his marriage, on which not only his own happiness so much depends, but also the future of our house and name. Very likely you have had some such thoughts about Kate, with this difference, that you would rather keep so winsome a girl with you, while I want even so good a son as Hay to be mar-

ried whenever he can meet with one whom he loves and who is worthy of him.

"Hay never gave me an hour's anxiety, and has no entanglements of any kind, but on the subject of marriage I could make no impression. 'Time enough,' he would say, or 'The other person has not turned up,' and I was getting uneasy, for you and I are not so young as once we were. You may fancy my satisfaction, therefore, when George came down from Drumtochty last August and told me he had found the other person, and that she was my old friend Jack Carnegie's daughter. Of course I urged him to make sure of himself, but now he has had ample opportunities during your two visits, and he is quite determined that his wife is to be Kate or nobody.

"It goes without saying that the Countess and I heartily approve Hay's choice and are charmed with Kate, who is as bonnie as she is high-spirited. She sustains the old traditions of her family, who were ever strong and true, and she has a clever tongue, which neither you nor I have, Jack, nor Hay either, good fellow though he be, and that is not a bad thing for a woman nowadays. They would make a handsome pair, as they ought, with such good-looking fathers, eh?

"Well, I am coming to my point, for in those circumstances I want your help. What Miss Carnegie thinks of Hay we don't know, and, unless I'm much mistaken, she will decide for herself; but is it too much to ask you—if you can—to say a word for Hay? You are quite right to think that no man is worthy of Kate, but she is bound to marry some day—I can't conceive how you have kept her so long—and I am

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certain Hay will make a good husband, and he is simply devoted to her. If she refuses him, I am afraid he will not marry, and then—well, grant I'm selfish, but it would be a calamity to us.

"Don't you think that it looks like an arrangement of Providence to unite two families that have shared common dangers and common faith in the past, and to establish a Carnegie once more as lady of Drumtochty? Now that is all, and it's a long screed, but the matter lies near my heart, and we shall wait the answers from you both with anxiety.

"Yours faithfully,"

"KILSPINDIE."

Kate's letter was much shorter, and was written in big schoolboy hand with great care.

"DEAR MISS CARNEGIE,—They say that a woman always knows when a man loves her, and if so you will not be astonished at this letter. From that day I saw you in Drumtochty Kirk I have loved you, and every week I love you more. My mother is the only other woman I have ever cared for, and that is different. Will you be my wife? I often wanted to ask you when you were with us in November and last month, but my heart failed me. Can you love me a little, enough to say yes? I am not clever, and I am afraid I shall never do anything to make you proud of me, but you will have all my heart, and I'll do my best to make you happy.

"I am, yours very sincerely,"

"HAY."

Carnegie could see Kate's face from his place, and she was looking out of the window with a kindly expression, and her father, who was of a simple mind, and knew little of women, was encouraged by such visible friendliness. He was about to go over when her face changed. She dropped the letter on the seat, and became very thoughtful, knitting her brows and resting her chin on her hand. In a little while something stung her—like a person recalling an injury—and she flushed with anger, drumming with her fingers on the sill of the window. Then anger

gave place to sadness, as if she had resolved to do something that was inevitable, but less than the best. Kate glanced in her father's direction, and read Lord Hay's letter again; then she seemed to have made up her mind.

"Father," as she joined him on the skin beneath those loyal Carnegies on the wall, "there is Lord Hay's letter, and he is a . . . worthy gentleman. Perhaps I did not give him so much encouragement as he took, but that does not matter. This is a . . . serious decision, and ought not to be made on the spur of the moment. Will you let the messenger go with a note to say that an answer will be sent on Monday? You might write to Lord Kilspindie."

She was still standing in the place when he returned, and had been studying the proud, determined face of Black John's mother, who had not spared her only son for the good cause.

"Did you ever hear of any Carnegie, dad, who married beneath her, or . . . loved one on the other side?"

"Never," said her father. "Our women all married into loyal families of their own rank, which is best for comfort; but why do you ask? Hay is a . . ."

"Yes, I know; it was only . . . curiosity made me ask, and I suppose some of our women must have made sacrifices for their . . . cause."

"Far more than the men ever did, for, you see, a man is just shot, and all is over, and before he falls he's had some good fighting, but his wife suffers all her days, when he is living and when he is dead. Yet our women were the first to send their men to the field. Heavens! what women do suffer—they ought to have their reward."

"They have," said Kate, with emphasis, "if they help those whom they love. . . . Father, would you be quite satisfied with Lord Hay for a son-in-law, and . . . would you let us live with you here as much as we could?"

"Kate, if you are to marry—and I knew it must come some day—I have not seen a more honest man; but you

are forgetting that Tochty Lodge will soon be out of our hands; I'll have to get a den somewhere not too far away from Muirtown, I hope."

"If I marry Lord Hay, Tochty Lodge will not be sold, and you will never be disturbed, dad. We shall not be separate more than we can help," and Kate caressed the General.

"Do you mean, lassie," said the General, with a sudden suspicion, lifting her face till he saw her eyes, "that you are going to accept Hay in order to keep the old home? You must not do this, for it would not . . . don't you see that I . . . could not accept this at your hands?"

"You can not prevent your daughter marrying Lord Hay if your daughter so decides, but as yet she is in doubt, very great doubt, and so I am going for a long walk on the big moor, and you . . . well, why not take lunch with the Padre at the manse?"

"Hay is a straight young fellow, and Kate would supply what he wants—a dash of go, you know"—so the General was summing up the situation to his old friend; "but my girl is not to marry Hay or any other man for my sake, and that is what she thinks of doing."

"Did it ever occur to you, Carnegie, that Kate had a . . . well, a kindly feeling for any other man?"

"Plenty of fellows tried their luck; first subalterns, then aides-de-camp, and at last commissioners; it was no easy affair to be her father," and Carnegie gave Davidson a comic look. "I used to scold her, but upon my word I don't know she was to blame, and I am certain she did not care for one of them; in fact, she laughed at them all till—well, in fact, I had to interfere."

"And since you came to the Lodge"—the Doctor spoke with meaning—"besides Lord Hay?"

"Why, there is just yourself"—the Doctor nodded with much appreciation—"and that Free Kirkman. . . . Davidson, do you mean that—oh, nonsense, man; she was quite angry one day when I suggested a parson. Kate

has always said that was the last man she would marry."

"That is an evidence she will."

The General stared at the oracle, and went on:

"She has made his life miserable at the Lodge with her tongue; she delighted in teasing him. Your idea is quite absurd."

Carnegie, did you ever hear the classical couplet

"Scratching and biting
Mak Scots fouk's 'ooing";

and although I admit the description applies in the first instance to milk-maids, yet there is a fair share of national character in the Carnegies."

"Do you really think that Kate is in . . . has, well, a eh, tenderness to Carmichael? It would never have occurred to me."

"How would you look on Carmichael as a suitor?"

"Well, if Kate is to marry—and mind you I always prepared myself for that—I would, of course, prefer Hay, not because he is a lord, or rich, or any snobbery of that kind—you know me better than that, Sandie—but because he's . . . you know . . . belongs to our own set."

"Don't you think there is something in that?" and the General tried to explain his honest mind, in which lived no unworthy or uncharitable thought. "I have not one word to say against Carmichael; he's good-looking, and monstrous clever, and he's always made himself very agreeable, very, and the people swear by him in the Glen; but . . . you must understand what I mean, Davidson," and the General was in despair.

"You mean that though he's a first-rate young fellow for a clergyman, he does not belong to your world—has a different set of friends, has different habits of living, has a different way of thinking and speaking—is, in fact, an outsider."

"That's it—just what I was 'ettling' after—lucky fellows we Scots with such words," and the General was immense-

ly delighted to be delivered of his idea in an inoffensive form.

"It is my own belief, Carnegie—and you can laugh at me afterward if I be wrong—that this will be the end of it, however. Yes, putting it plainly, that Kate is in love with Carmichael, as he is certainly with her; and you will have to make the best of the situation."

"You don't like the idea any more than I do, Davidson?"

"Speaking in perfect confidence and frankness, I do not. I look at the matter this way"—the Doctor stood on the hearth-rug in a judicial attitude, pulling down his waistcoat with his two hands, his legs apart, and his eyeglass on his nose—"Carmichael has been brought up among . . . plain, respectable people, and theological books, and church courts, and Free Kirk society, all of which is excellent, but . . . secluded,"—the Doctor liked the word, which gave his mind without offence—"secluded. Kate is a Carnegie, was educated in France, has travelled in India, and has lived in the most exciting circumstances. She loves soldiers, war, gayety, sport, besides many other . . . eh, good things, and is a . . . lovely girl. Love laughs at rules, but if you ask me my candid opinion, the marriage would not be . . . in fact, congruous. If it is to be, it must be, and God bless them both, say I, and so will everybody say; but it will be an experiment, a distinct and . . . interesting experiment."

"Kate is not to marry any one for my sake, to save Tochty, but I do wish she had fancied Lord Hay," said the General, ruefully.

"The Free Kirk folk in the depths of their hearts consider me a worldly old clergyman, and perhaps I am, for, Jack, I would dearly like to see our Kate Viscountess Hay, and to think that one day, when we three old fellows are gone, she would be Countess of Kilspindie." That was the first conference of the day on Kate's love affairs, and this is how it ended.

Meanwhile the young woman herself had gone up the road to the high Glen and made her way over dykes and

through fields to Whinnyknowe, which she had often visited since the August Sacrament. Whinnie came out from the kitchen door in corduroy trousers, much stained with soil, and gray shirt—wiping his mouth with the back of his hand after a hearty dinner—and went to the barn for his midday sleep before he went again to the sowing. Marget met her at the garden gate, dressed in her week-day clothes and fresh from a morning's churning, but ever refined and spiritual, as one whose soul is shining through the veil of common circumstances.

"It's a benison tae see ye on this bricht day, Miss Carnegie, an' ye 'ill come tae the garden-seat, for the spring flooers are bloomin' bonnie and sweet the noo, an' fillin' 's a' wi' hope."

"Gin there be ony sun shinin'," as she spread a plaid, "the heat fa's here, an' save when the snow is heavy on the glen, there's aye some blossoms here tae mind us o' oor Father's love an' the world that isna seen."

"Marget," began Kate, not with a blush, but rather a richening of colour, "you have been awfully good to me, and have helped me in lots of ways, far more than you could dream of. Do you know you've made me almost good at times, with just enough badness to keep me still myself, as when I flounced out from the Free Kirk."

Marget only smiled deprecation and affection, for her heart went out to this motherless, undisciplined girl, whom she respected, like a true Scot, because, although Kate had made her a friend, she was still a Carnegie; whom she loved, because, although Kate might be very provoking, she was honest to the core.

"To-day," Kate resumed, after a pause, and speaking with an unusual nervousness, "I want your advice on a serious matter, which I must decide, which . . . concerns other people as well as myself. In fact, I would like to ask you a question," and she paused to frame her case.

It was a just testimony to Marget Howe that Kate never thought of pledging her to secrecy, for there are people



"Marget, you have been awfully good to me."

whom to suspect of dishonour is a sin.

"Suppose that a man . . . loved a woman, and that he was honourable, and brave, gentle, true, in fact . . . a gentleman, and made her a proposal of marriage."

Marget was looking before her with calm, attentive face, never once glancing at Kate to supplement what was told.

"If . . . the girl accepted him, she would have a high position, and be rich, so that she could . . . save her . . . family from ruin, and keep . . . them in the house they loved."

o' luv.

"It will maybe help ye gin a' tell ye anither tale, an' though it be o' humble life, yet oor hearts are the same in the castle and the cottar's hoose, wi' the same cup o' sorrow tae drink an' the same croon o' joy tae wear, an' the same dividin' o' roads for oor trial.

"There was a man showed a wumman muckle kindness, and to her fook also, an' he was simple an' honest, an' for what he hed done, an' because there wes nae evil in him, she married him."

"And what has happened?" Kate,

Marget listened with earnest intelligence.

"She respects this man, and is grateful to him. She is certain that he would be . . . kind to her, and give her everything she wanted. And she thinks that he . . . would be happy."

Marget waited for the end.

"But she does not love him—that is all."

As the tale was being told in brief, clear, slow sentences, Marget's eyes became luminous, and her lips opened as one ready to speak from an inner knowledge.

"Ye hev let me see a piece o' life, an' it is sacred, for naethin' on earth is sae near God as luv, an' a'll no deny that ma woman's heart is wi' that honest gentleman, an' a' the mair gin he dinna win his prize.

"But a man often comes tae his heicht through disappointment, and a woman, she hes tae learn that there is that which she hes the richt tae give for gratitude or friendship's sake, and that which can only be bestowed by the hand

being half Highland, had less patience than Marget.

"He hes been a gude man tae her through the dark an' through the licht, an' she hes tried tae repay him, as a puir imperfect wumman can, an' her hert is warm tae him, but there hes aye been ae thing wantin'—an' it hes been that wife's cross a' her life—there wes nae ither man, but her husband wesna, isna, canna be her ain athegether an' forever—for the want o' luvè—that luvè o' luvè that maks marriage."

Her voice was laden with feeling, and it was plain that she had given of her own and deepest for the guiding of another.

"Marget, I can never be grateful enough to you for what you have shown me this day." As she passed Whinnie with his bag of seed, he apologized for his wife.

"A'm dootin', Miss Carnegie, the gude wife hes keepit ye ower lang in the gairden haiverin' awa' aboot the flooers an' her ither trokes. But she's michty prood for a' that aboot yir comin' up tae veesit us." Such was the second conference on Kate's affairs on that day.

No place could be more thoroughly cleansed from vulgar curiosity than our Glen, or have a finer contempt for "clatters," but the atmosphere was electrical in the diffusion of information. What happened at Burnbrae was known at the foot of Glen Urtach by evening, and the visit of spiritual consolation which Milton, in the days of his Pharisism, paid to Jamie Soutar on his deathbed was the joy of every fireside in Drumtochty within twenty-four hours. Perhaps it was not, therefore, remarkable that the arrival of Lord Kilspindie's groom at Tochty Lodge post haste with two letters on Saturday morning—one for the General from his Lordship, and one from his son for Miss Kate—should have been rightly interpreted, and the news spread with such rapidity that Hillocks—a man not distinguished above his fellows for tact—was able to inform Carmichael in the early afternoon that the marriage between the young lord and the "Miss"

at Tochty was now practically arranged.

"It's been aff and on a' winter, an' the second veesit tae the Castle settled it, but a'm hearin' it wes the loss o' the Lodge brocht the fast offer this mornin'. She's an able wumman, an' carried her gear tae the best market. Ma certes," and Hillocks contemplated Kate's achievement with sympathetic admiration, "but she 'ill set her place weel, an' haud her ain wi' the Duchess o' Athole."

Carmichael ought to have taken his beating like a man, and said nothing to any one, but instead thereof he betook himself for consolation to Marget, a better counsellor in a crisis than Janet, with all her Celtic wiles, and Marget set him in the very seat where Kate had put her case.

"It has, I suppose, been all a dream, and now I have awaked, but it was . . . a pleasant dream, and one finds the morning light a little chill. One must just learn to forget, and be as if one had never . . . dreamed;" but Carmichael looked at Marget wistfully.

"Ye canna be the same again, for a' coont, gin ony man loves a wumman wi' a leal hert, whether she answer or no, or whether she even kens, he's been the gainer, an' the harvest will be his forever.

"It hes seemed tae me that nae luvè is proved an' crooned for eternity unless the man hes forgotten himsel' an' is willin' tae live alane gin the wumman he luvès sees prosperity. He only is the perfect lover, and for him God hes the best gifts.

"Yes, a've seen it wi' ma ain eyes"—for indeed this seemed to Carmichael an impossible height of self-abnegation—"a man who loved an' served a wumman wi' his best an' at a great cost, an' yet for whom there cud be no reward but his own luvè." Marget's face grew so beautiful as she told of the constancy of this unknown, unrewarded lover that Carmichael left without further speech, but with a purer vision of love than had ever before visited his soul. Marget watched him go down the same path by which Kate went, and

she said to herself, "Whether or no he win is in the will of God, but already luvie has given his blessin' tae man and maid."

Kate did not go to kirk on Sunday, but lived all day in the woods, and in the evening she kissed her father and laid this answer in his hands:—

"*Dear Lord Hay*,—You have done me the greatest honour any woman can receive at your hands, and for two days I have thought of nothing else. If it were enough that your wife should like and respect you, then I would at once accept you as my betrothed, but as it is plain to me that no woman ought to marry any one unless she also loves him, I am obliged to refuse one of the truest men I have ever met, for whom I have a very kindly place in my heart, and whose happiness I shall always desire.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"*Kate Carnegie*."

"You could do nothing else, Kit, and you have done right to close the matter, . . . but I'm sorry for Hay."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE IS LORD.

IT could not be said with a steady face that the proceedings of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown increased the gayety of nations, and there might be persons—far left to themselves, of course—who would describe its members as wearisome ecclesiastics. Carmichael himself, in a mood of gay irresponsibility, had once sketched a meeting of this reverend court, in which the names were skilfully adapted, after the ancient fashion, to represent character, and the incidents, if not vero, were certainly *ben trovato*, and had the article ready for transmission to *Ferrier's Journal*. "A Sederunt" did not, however, add to the miseries of a most courteous editor, for Jenkins, having come up for an all-night conference, and having heard the article with unfeigned delight, pointed out that, if it were accepted, which Carmichael's experience did not certify, the writer would be run down within fourteen days, and that, so unreasonable a thing

is human nature, some of the Presbytery might be less than pleased with their own likeness. "It's in the waste-paper basket," Carmichael said next morning, which, as the author was twenty-five years of age and not conspicuously modest, is a conclusive testimonial to the goodness of one Presbytery, and its hold on the affection of its members.

Scots take their pleasures sadly, and no one can imagine from what arid soil they may not draw their nutriment, but it was not for motions of ponderous ambiguity and pragmatical points of order a country minister rose before daybreak on a winter's morning and worked his way to the nearest station, with the stars still overhead and the snow below his feet, so that when the clerk made a sign to the Moderator punctually at one minute past eleven to "constitute the Presbytery," he might not be missing from his place. It was the longing of a lonely man, across whose front door no visitor had come for weeks, for friendly company, of a weary minister, discouraged by narrow circumstances, monotonous routine, unexpected disappointments among his people, for a word of good cheer. A cynical stranger might discover various stupidities, peculiarities, provincialisms in the Presbytery—he knew himself who had a temper and who was a trifle sensitive about his rights—but this middle-aged, hard-working, simple-living man saw twenty faithful brethren—the elders did not count in this connection, for they did not understand—who stood beside him on occasion at the Holy Table, and gave him advice in his perplexities, and would bury him with honest regret when he died, and fight like wild cats that his widow and children should have their due. His toilsome journey was forgotten when Doctor Dowbiggin, in an interstice of motions, came across the floor and sat down beside him and whispered confidentially, "Well, how are things going at Kincairney?"—Dowbiggin really deserved his leadership—or when the clerk, suddenly wheeling round in his seat, would pass his snuff-box across

to him without a word, for the clerk had a way of handing his box which being interpreted ran as follows: "You suppose that I am lifted above all ordinary affairs in my clerky isolation, and that I do not know what a solid work you are doing for God and man in the obscure parish of Kincairney, but you are wrong. You have a very warm corner in my memory, and in sign thereof accept my box." And the said minister, trudging home that evening, and being met at a certain turn of the road by his wife—sentimental at fifty, you see, after a quarter of a century's toiling and preaching—would enlarge on Doctor Dowbiggin's cordiality and the marked courtesy of the clerk, and when they were alone in the manse his wife would kiss him—incredible to our cynic—and say, "You see, Tom, more people than I know what a good work you are doing," and Tom would start his twenty-first lecture on the Ephesians next morning with new spirit. Such is the power of comradeship, such is the thirst for sympathy; and indeed there is no dog either so big or so little that it does not appreciate a pat, and go down the street afterward with better heart.

The Presbytery had always a tender regard for the Free Kirk of Drumtochty, and happened to treat Carmichael with much favour. When the "call" to him was signed at once by every member of the congregation, the clerk—who had been obliged to summon Donald Menzies from Gaelic by the intimation that Drumtochty was by the law of the Church "uno lingual, and that all proceedings must be conducted in the English language"—arose and declared that "such unanimous attention to their ecclesiastical duties was unexampled in his experience;" and when at Carmichael's ordination a certain certificate was wanting, the clerk, whose intervention was regarded with awe, proposed that the court should anticipate its arrival, dealing with the matter "proleptically," and the court saw in the very word another proof of the clerk's masterly official genius. It was he also—expressing the mind of

the Presbytery—who proposed that the court should send Carmichael as a commissioner to the General Assembly in the first year of his ministry, and took occasion to remark that Mr. Carmichael, according to "reliable information at his disposal," was rendering important service to the Free Church in his sphere at Drumtochty. Carmichael was very happy in those days, and was so petted by his ecclesiastical superiors that he never missed a meeting of court, where he either sat in a demure silence, which commended him greatly to the old men, or conversed with his friends on a back bench about general affairs.

It gave him, therefore, a shock to sit with his brethren in the month of June—when the walk through the woods had been a joy, and Muirtown lay at her fairest, and the sunshine filled the court-room, and every man had a summer air, and Doctor Dowbiggin actually wore a rose in his coat—and to discover that he himself was sick of his old friends, of his work, of his people, of himself. The reasons were obvious. Was it not a sin that thirty Christian men should be cooped up in a room passing schedules when the summer was young and fresh upon the land? Could any one of the Rabbi's boys sit in that room and see his accustomed place—a corner next the wall on a back seat—empty and not be cast down? Besides, does not a minister's year begin in September and end in July, and before it closes is not the minister at his lowest, having given away himself for eleven months? "One begins to weary for a rest," he whispered to Kincairney, and that worthy man explained that he and his wife had been planning their triennial holiday, and hoped to have a fortnight at Carnoustie. Carmichael realized his hypocrisy in that instant, for he knew perfectly that he had lost touch with life because of a hopeless love, and a proud face he had not seen a year ago. He flung himself out of the court with such impatience that the clerk stayed his hand in the midst of the sacred words *pro re nata*, and Kincairney mentioned to his wife in the

evening that Carmichael had never got over Doctor Saunderson's death.

Carmichael wandered up one of the meadows which are the glory of Muirtown, and sat down by the queen of Scottish rivers, which runs deep and swift, clean and bright, from Loch Tay to the sea, between wooded banks and overhanging trees, past cornfields and ancient castles; a river for him who swims, or rows, or fishes, or dreams, in which, if such were to be his fate, a man might ask to be drowned. Opposite him began the woods of Muirtown Castle, and he tried to be glad that Kate . . . Miss Carnegie would one day be their mistress: the formal announcement of her engagement, he had heard, was to be made next week, on Lord Kilspindie's birthday. A distant whistle came on the clear air from Muirtown Station, where . . . and all his turmoil of hope and fear, love and despair, had been packed into a few months. There is a bend in the river where he sits, and the salmon fishers have dropped their nets, and are now dragging them to the bank. With a thrill of sympathy Carmichael watched the fish struggling in the meshes, and his heart leaped when, through some mishandling, one escaped with a splash of silver and plunged into the river. He had also been caught quite suddenly in the joyous current of his life and held in bonds. Why should he not make a bold plunge for freedom, which he could never have with the Lodge at his doors, with the Castle only twelve miles away. He had been asked in his student days to go to the northwest of Canada and take charge of a parish fifty miles square. The idea had for a little fired his imagination, and then faded before other ambitions. It revived with power on the banks of that joyful, forceful river, and he saw himself beginning life again on the open prairie lands—riding, camping, shooting, preaching—a free man and an apostle to the Scottish Dispersion. ^{JOE.}

With this bracing resolution, that seemed a call of God to deliver him from bondage, came a longing to visit Kilbogie Manse, and the Rabbi's grave.

It was a journey of expiation, for Carmichael followed the road the Rabbi walked with the hand of death upon him after that lamentable Presbytery, and he marked the hills where the old man must have stood and fought for breath. He could see Mains, where he had gone with the Rabbi to the exposition, and he passed the spot where the Rabbi had taken farewell of George Pitillo in a figure. What learning, and simplicity, and unselfishness, and honesty, and affection were mingled in the character of the Rabbi! What skill, and courage, and tenderness, and self-sacrifice, and humility there had been also in Weelum MacLure, who had just died! Carmichael dwelt on the likeness and unlikeness of the two men, who had each loved the highest he knew and served his generation according to the will of God, till he found himself again with the Drumtochty doctor on his heroic journeys, with the Rabbi in his long vigils. It was a singular means of grace to have known two such men in the flesh, when he was still young and impressionable. A spiritual emotion possessed Carmichael. He lifted his heart to the Eternal, and prayed that if on account of any hardship he shrank from duty he might remember MacLure, and if in any intellectual strait he was tempted to palter with truth he might see the Rabbi pursuing his solitary way. The district was full of the Rabbi, who could not have gone for ever, who might appear any moment—buried in a book and proceeding steadily in the wrong direction. The Rabbi surely was not dead, and Carmichael drifted into that dear world of romance where what we desire comes to pass, and facts count for nothing. This was how the Idyll went. From the moment of the reconciliation the Rabbi's disease began to abate in a quite unheard-of-fashion—love wrought a miracle,—and with Kate's nursing and his he speedily recovered. Things came right between Kate and himself as they shared their task of love, and so . . . of course—it took place last month—and now he was going to carry off the Rabbi, who somehow had not

come to the Presbytery, to Drumtochty Manse, where his bride would meet them both beneath the laburnum arch at the gate. He would be cunning as he approached the door of Kilbogie Manse, and walk on the grass border lest the Rabbi, poring over some Father, should hear the crunch of the gravel—he did know his footstep—and so he would take the old man by surprise. Alas! he need not take such care, for the walk was now as the border with grass, and the gate was lying open, and the dead house stared at him with open, unthinking eyes, and knew him not. The key was in the door, and he crossed the threshold once more—no need to beware of parcels on the floor now—and turned to the familiar room. The shelves had been taken down, but he could trace their lines on the ancient discoloured paper that was now revealed for the first time; there, where a new shutter was resting against the wall, used to stand the “seat of the fathers,” and exactly in the midst of that heap of straw the Rabbi had his chair . . .

“Ye’ve come tae see hoo we’re gettin’ on wi’ the repairs”—it was the joiner of Kilbogie; “it’s no a licht job, for there’s nae doot the hoose hes been awfu’ negleckit. The Doctor wes a terrible scholar, but he wudna a kent that the slates wer aff the roof till the drap cam intae his bed.

“Ou, aye, the manse is tae be papered an’ pented for the new minister; a’ cud show ye the papers; juist as ye please; they’re verra tasty an’ showy. He’s tae be married at once, a’m hearin’, an’ this is tae be the drawin’-room; he wes here ten days syne—the day aifter he was eleckit: they’re aye in a hurry when they’re engaged—an’ seleckit a sma’ room upstairs for his study; he didna think he wud need as lairge a room for bukes, an’ he thocht the auld study wud dae fine for pairties.

“There’s juist ae room feenished, an’ ye micht like tae see the paper on’t; it’s a yellow rose on a licht blue grund; a’m jidgin’ it wes the Doctor’s ain room. Weel, it’s a gude lang wy tae Drum-

tochty, an’ ye ’ill no be wantin’ tae pit aff time, a’ daresay.”

It was a terrible douche of prose, and Carmichael was still shivering when he reached the kindly shade of Tochtly woods. He had seen the successful candidate at the Presbytery, arranging about his “trial discourses,” with the clerk—who regarded him dubiously—and he had heard some story about his being a “popular hand” and bewitching the young people with a sermon on the “good fight,” with four heads—“the soldier,” “the battlefield,” “the battle,” and “the crown”—each with an illustration, an anecdote, and a verse of poetry. Carmichael recognised the type, and already saw the new minister of Kilbogie, smug and self-satisfied, handing round cream and sugar in the Rabbi’s old study, while his wife, a stout young woman in gay clothing, pours tea from a pot of florid design and bearing a blazing marriage inscription. There would be a soiree in the kirk where the Rabbi had opened the mysteries of God, and his successor would explain how unworthy he felt to follow Dr. Saunderson, and how he was going to reorganize the congregation, and there would be many jocose allusions to his coming marriage, but Carmichael would by that time have left the district.

No one can walk a mile in Tochtly woods, where there are little glades of mossy turf, and banks of violets and geraniums, and gentle creatures on ground and branch, and cool shade from the summer sun, and the sound of running water by your side, without being sweetened and comforted. Bitter thoughts and cynical criticisms, as well as vain regrets and peevish complaints, fell away from Carmichael’s soul, and gave place to a gentle melancholy. He came to the heart of the wood where was the lovers’ grave, and the place seemed to invite his company. A sense of the tears of things came over him, and he sat down by the riverside to meditate. It was two hundred years and more since the lassies died before they were wedded, and for him there was not even to be love. The ages



"He sat down by the riverside to meditate."

were linked together by a long tragedy of disappointment and vanity, but the Tochtly ran now as in the former days. What was any human life but a drop in the river that flowed without ceasing to the unknown sea? What could any one do but yield himself to necessity and summon his courage to endure? Then, at the singing of a bird, his mood lightened and was changed, as if he had heard the Evangel. God was over all, and life was immortal, and he could not be wrong who did the will of God. After a day of conflict, peace came to his soul, and in the soft light of the setting sun he rose to go home.

"Miss Carnegie . . . I did not know you were here . . . I thought you were

in London," and Carmichael stood before Kate in great confusion.

"Nor did I see you behind that tree" — Kate herself was startled. "Yes, the General and I have been visiting some old friends and only came home an hour ago.

"Do you know" — Kate was herself again — "the first thing I do on arrival is to make a pilgrimage to this place. Half-an-hour here banishes the dust of a day's journey and of . . . life.

"Besides, I don't know whether you have heard" — Kate spoke hurriedly — "that it is now settled that I . . . we will be leaving the Lodge soon, and one wants to have as much as possible of the old place in the time remaining."

She gave him this opportunity in kindness as it seemed, and he reproached himself because he did not offer his congratulations.

"You will, I . . . the people hope, come often here, Miss Carnegie, and not cast off Drumtochtly, although the Lodge be not your home. You will

always have a place in the hearts of the Glen. Marjorie will never be grateful enough for your readings," which was bravely said.

"Do you think that I can ever forget the Glen and my . . . friends here? Not while I live; the Carnegies have their own faults, but ingratitude is not one. Nor the dear Rabbi's grave."

Then there was a silence which Carmichael found very trying—they had been so near that day in Kilbogie Manse, with only the Rabbi, who loved them both, between; but now, although they stood face to face, there was a gulf dividing them.

"It may not be easy for me to visit Drumtochtly often, for you know there

has been a change . . . in our circumstances, and one must suit one's self to it."

Carmichael flushed uneasily, and Kate supposed that he was sympathising with their losses.

"I hope to be a busy woman soon, with lots of work, and I shall use every one of my little scraps of knowledge. How do you think I shall acquit myself in my new role?"

It was a little hard on Carmichael, who was thinking of a countess, while Kate meant a governess.

"You need not ask me how I think you will do, as . . . in any position, and I . . . wish you every success, and . . . (with a visible effort) happiness."

He spoke so stiffly that Kate sought about for reasons, and could only remember their quarrel and imagine he retained a grudge—which was rather ungenerous.

"It occurs to me that one man ought to be thankful when we depart, for then he will be able to call Queen Mary names every Sunday without a misguided Jacobite girl dropping in to create a disturbance."

"Drumtochty will have to form its own opinion of poor Mary without my aid," and Carmichael smiled sadly in pardon of the past, "for it is likely, although no one knows this in the Glen, that I shall soon be far away."

"Leaving Drumtochty? What will Marjorie do without you, and Dr. Davidson, and . . . all the people?" Then, remembering Janet's gossip, and her voice freezing, "I suppose you have got a better or more convenient living. The Glen is certainly rather inaccessible."

"Have I done anything, Miss Carnegie, to justify you in thinking that I would leave the Glen, which has been so good to me, for . . . worldly reasons? There is enough to support an unmarried man, and I am not likely to . . . to marry," said Carmichael, bitterly; "but there are times when it is better for a man to change his whole surroundings and make a new life."

It was clear that the Bailie's daughter was a romance of Janet's

Celtic imagination, and Kate's manner softened.

"The Rabbi's death and . . . your difference of opinion—something about doctrine, wasn't it? we were from home—must have been a great trial, and, as there was no opportunity before, let me say how much we sympathized with you and . . . thought of you."

"Don't you think, however, Mr. Carmichael"—she spoke with hesitation, but much kindness—"that you ought not to fling up your work here on that account? Would not the Rabbi himself have wished you to stick to your post? . . . and all your friends would like to think you have been . . . brave."

"You are cruel, Miss Carnegie; you try me beyond what I can endure, although I shall be ashamed to-night for what I am to say. Do you not know or guess that it is your . . . on account of you, I mean, that I must leave Drumtochty?"

"On account of me?" Kate looked at him in unaffected amazement.

"Are you blind, or is it that you could not suspect me of such presumption? Had you no idea that night in Dr. Davidson's drawing-room? Have you never seen that I . . . Kate—I will say it once to your face as I say it every hour to myself—you won my heart in an instant on Muirtown Station, and will hold it till I die."

"Do not speak till I be done, and then order me from your presence as I deserve. I know that it is unworthy of a gentleman, and . . . a minister of Christ, to say such things to the betrothed of another man; only one minute more"—for Kate had started as if in anger—"I know also that if I were stronger I could go on living as before, and meet you from time to time when you come from the Castle with your husband, and never allow myself to think of Lady Hay as I felt to Miss Carnegie. But I am afraid of myself, and . . . this is the last time we shall meet, Miss Carnegie. Forgive me for my love, and believe that one man will ever remember . . . and pray for you."

Carmichael bowed low, the last sun-

shine of the evening playing on his fair hair, and turned to go.

"One word, if you please," said Kate, and they looked into one another's eyes, the blue and brown, seeing many things that cannot be written. "You may be forgiven for . . . loving me, because you could not help that"—this with a very roguish look, our Kate all over—"and I suppose you must be forgiven for listening to foolish gossip, since people will tell lies"—this with a

stamp of the foot, our Kate again—"but I shall never forgive you if you leave me, never"—this was a new Kate, like to the opening of a flower.

"Why? Tell me plainly," and in the silence Carmichael heard a trout leap in the river.

"Because I love you."

The Tochtly water sang a pleasant song, and the sun set gloriously behind Ben Urtach.

Ian Maclaren.

THE END.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

'TIS autumn, and a glimmering sheen
Of light floods, with its tranquil rays,
Alike the spreading marshlands
And the brown Avon's winding ways.
No more is heard the whir
Of myriad insects. All is still.
Our souls, fulfilled with stillness,
With vague unutterable longings thrill

Comrades together oft before,
We two have found the words to say
Of joys and pains! but here at last
No words will come! for now to-day
Our souls reach out beyond the hills,
Whose slopes of mingled green and gold
Encircle all the landscape round;
They seek a larger vision than of old.

Beyond the hills what is there?
That we wist not, yet we yearn
To see the broader prospect;
We ache the wider view to learn.
Sweet as this summer of All Saints
This life may sometimes seem to be;
Yet, frenzied with a passionate desire,
We crave the great Beyond to see.

We listen, and we think we hear
The murmurous roaring on the shore
Of God's great boundless Sea;
Strive as we may, we hear no more.
Yet, hark again! 'tis there.
Alas! the fancy comes and goes.
All that of wider view there is
Beyond the Hills, One only knows.

C. W. Vernon.

MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

I.—FIRST, THE CRITICS; AND THEN A WORD ON DICKENS.

THE critics of to-day are suffering from a sort of epidemic of kindness. They have accustomed themselves to the administration of praise in unmeasured doses. They are not, taking them in the mass, critics any longer, but merely professional admirers. They have ceased to be useful to the public, and are becoming dangerous to the interests of letters. In their over-friendly eyes every persevering apprentice in the art of fiction is a master, and hysterical schoolgirls, who have spent their brief day in the acquisition of ignorance, are reviewed as if they were so many Elizabeth Barrett Brownings or George Eliots. One of the most curious and instructive things in this regard is the use which the modern critic makes of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter is set up as a sort of first standard for the aspirant in the art of fiction to excel. Let the question be asked, with as much gravity as is possible: What is the use of a critic who gravely assures us that Mr. S. R. Crockett "has rivalled, if not surpassed, Sir Walter"? The statement is, of course, most lamentably and ludicrously absurd, but it is made more than once, or twice, or thrice, and it is quoted and advertised. It is not Mr. Crockett's fault that he is set on this ridiculous eminence, and his name is not cited here with any grain of malice. He has his fellow-sufferers. Other gentlemen who have "rivalled, if not surpassed, Sir Walter" are Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Ian Mac-laren, and Mr. Stanley Weyman. No person whose judgment is worth a straw can read the writings of these accomplished workmen without respect and pleasure. But it is no more true that they rival Sir Walter than it is true

that they are 12 feet high, or that any one of them believes in his own private mind the egregious announcement of the reviewer. The one great sufferer by this craze for setting men of middling stature side by side with Sir Walter is our beautiful and beloved Stevenson, who, unless rescued by some judicious hand, is likely to be buried under foolish and unmeasured praises.

It would be easy to fill pages with verifications of the charge here made. Books of the last half-dozen years or so, which have already proved the ephemeral nature of their own claim, have been received with plaudits which would have been exaggerated if applied to some of our acknowledged classics. The critical declaration that "Eric Brighteyes" could have been written by no other Englishman of the last 600 years than Mr. Rider Haggard, may be allowed its own monumental place in the desert of silly and hysteric judgments.

It is time, for the sake of mere common sense, to get back to something like a real standard of excellence. It is time to say plainly that our literature is in danger of degradation, and that the mass of readers is systematically misled.

Before I go further I will offer one word in self-excuse. I have taken this work upon my own shoulders, because I cannot see that anybody else will take it, and because it seems to me to be calling loudly to be done. My one unwillingness to undertake it lies in the fact that I have devoted my own life to the pursuit of that art the exercise of which by my contemporaries I am now about to criticise. That has an evil and ungenerous look. But, whatever the declaration may seem to be worth, I make it with sincerity and truth. I have never tasted the gall of envy in

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my life. I have had my share, and my full share, of the critical sugarplums. I have never, in the critics' apprehension, "rivalled or surpassed Sir Walter," but on many thousands of printed pages (of advertisement) it is recorded that I have "more genius for the delineation of rustic character than any half-dozen surviving novelists put together." I squirm and laugh when I read this, for I remember Thomas Hardy, who is my master far and far away. I am not playing at modesty. I am quite persuaded that my critic was genuinely pleased with the book over which he thus "pyrotechnicated" (as poor Artemus used to say), but I think my judgment the more sane and sober of the two. I have not the faintest desire to pull down other men's flags and leave my own flag flying. And there is the first and last intrusion of myself. I felt it necessary, and I will neither erase it nor apologise for its presence.

Side by side with the exaggerated admiration with which our professional censors greet the crowd of new-comers, it is instructive to note the contempt into which some of our old gods have fallen. The Superior Person we have always with us. He is, in his essence, a Prig, but when, as occasionally happens, his heart and intelligence ripen, he loses the characteristics which once made him a Superior Person. Whilst he holds his native status, his special art is not to admire anything which common people find admirable. A year or two ago it became the shibboleth of his class that they couldn't read Dickens. We met suddenly a host of people who really couldn't stand Dickens. Most of them (of course) were "the people of whom crowds are made," owning no sort of mental furniture worth exchange or purchase. They killed the fashion of despising Dickens *as a fashion*, and the Superior Person, finding that his sorrowful inability was no longer an exclusive thing, ceased to brag about it. When a fashion in dress is popular on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday festivals, the people who originally set the fashion discard it, and set another. In

half a generation some of our superiors, for the mere sake of originality in judgment, will be going back to the pages of that immortal master—immortal as men count literary immortality—and will begin to tell us that after all there was really something in him.

It was Mr. W. D. Howells, an American writer of distinguished ability as times go, who set afloat the phrase that since the death of Thackeray and Dickens fiction has become a finer art. If Mr. Howells had meant what many people supposed him to mean, the saying would have been merely impudent. He used the word "finer" in its literal sense, and meant only that a fashion of minuteness in investigation and in style had come upon us. There is a sense in which the dissector who makes a reticulation of the muscular and nervous systems of a little finger is a "finer" surgeon than the giant of the hospitals whose diagnosis is an inspiration, and whose knife carves unerringly to the root of disease. There is a sense in which a sculptor, carving on cherry-stones likenesses of commonplace people, would be a "finer" artist than Michael Angelo, whose custom it was to handle forms of splendour on an heroic scale of size. In that sense, and in the hands of some of its practitioners, fiction for a year or two became a finer art than it had ever been before. But the microscopist was never popular, and could never hope to be. He is dead now, and the younger men are giving us vigorous copies of Dumas, and Scott, and Edgar Allan Poe, and some of them are fusing the methods of Dickens with those of later and earlier writers. We are in for an era of broad effect again.

But a great many people, and, amongst them, some who ought to have known better, adopted the saying of Mr. Howells in a wider sense than he ever intended it to carry, and, partly as a result of this, we have arrived at a certain tacit depreciation of the greatest emotional master of fiction. There are other and more cogent reasons for the temporary obscuration of that brilliant light. It may aid our

present purpose to discover what they are.

Every age has its fashions in literature as it has in dress. All the beautiful fashions in literature, at least, have been thought worthy of revival and imitation, but there has come to each in turn a moment when it has begun to pall upon the fancy. Every school before its death is fated to inspire satiety and weariness. The more overwhelming its success has been, the more complete and sweeping is the welcomed change. We know how the world thrilled and wept over Pamela and Clarissa, and we know how their particular form of pathos sated the world and died. We know what a turn enchanted castles had, and how their spell withered into nothing. We know what a triumphal progress the Sentimental Sufferer made through the world, and what a bore he came to be. It is success which kills. Success breeds imitation, and the imitators are a weariness. And it is not the genius who dies. It is only the school which arose to mimic him. Richardson is alive for everybody but the dull and stupid. Now that the world of fiction is no longer crowded with enchanted castles, we can go to live in one occasionally for a change, and enjoy ourselves. Werther is our friend again, though the school he founded was probably the most tiresome the world has seen.

Now, with the solitary exception of Sir Walter Scott, it is probable that no man ever inspired such a host of imitators as Charles Dickens. There is not a writer of fiction at this hour, in any land where fiction is a recognised trade or art, who is not, whether he knows it and owns it, or no, largely influenced by Dickens. His method has got into the atmosphere of fiction, as that of all really great writers must do, and we might as well swear to unmix our oxygen and hydrogen as to stand clear of his influences. To stand clear of those influences you must stand apart from all modern thought and sentiment. You must have read nothing that has been written in the last sixty years, and you must have been

bred on a desert island. Dickens has a living part in the life of the whole wide world. He is on a hundred thousand magisterial benches every day. There is not a hospital patient in any country who has not at this minute a right thank God that Dickens lived. What his blessed and beautiful hand has done for the poor and oppressed, and them that had no helper, no man knows. He made charity and good feeling a religion. Millions and millions of money have flowed from the coffers of the rich for the benefit of the poor because of his books. A great part of our daily life, and a good deal of the best of it, is of his making.

No single man ever made such opportunities for himself. No single man was ever so widely and permanently useful. No single man ever sowed gentleness and mercy with so broad a sweep.

This is all true, and very far from new, but it has not been the fashion to say it lately. It is not the whole of the truth. Noble rivers have their own natural defects of swamp and mud-bank. Sometimes his tides ran sluggishly, as in "The Battle of Life," for example, which has always seemed to me, at least, a most mawkish and unreal book. The pure stream of "The Carol," which washes the heart of a man, runs thin in "The Chimes," runs thinner in "The Haunted Man," and in "The Battle of Life" is lees and mud. "Nickleby," again, is a young man's book, and as full of blemishes as of genius. But when all is said and done, it killed the Yorkshire schools.

The chief fault the superficial modern critic has to find with Dickens is a sort of rumbustious boisterousness in the expression of emotion. But let one thing be pointed out, and let me point it out in my own fashion. Tom Hood, who was a true poet, and the best of our English wits, and probably as good a judge of good work as any person now alive, went home after meeting with Dickens, and in a playful enthusiasm told his wife to cut off his hand and bottle it, because it had shaken hands with Boz. Lord Jeffrey, who

was cold as a critic, cried over Little Nell. So did Sydney Smith, who was very far from being a blubbering sentimentalist. To judge rightly of any kind of dish you must bring an appetite to it. Here is the famous Dickens pie, when first served, pronounced inimitable, not by a class or a clique, but by all men in all lands. But you get it served hot, and you get it served cold, it is reheated in every literary restaurant, you detect its flavour in your morning leader and your weekly review. The pie gravy finds its way into the prose and the verse of a whole young generation. It has a striking flavour, an individual flavour. It gets into everything. We are weary of the ceaseless resurrection of that once so toothsome dish. Take it away.

The original pie is no worse and no better, but thousands of cooks have had the receipt for it, and have tried to make it. Appetite may have vanished, but the pie was a good pie.

No simile runs on all fours, and this parable in a pie-dish is a poor traveller.

But this principle of judgment applies of necessity to all great work in art. It does not apply to merely good work, for that is nearly always imitative, and therefore not much provocative of imitation. It happens sometimes that an imitator, to the undiscerning reader, may even seem better than the man he mimics, because he has a modern touch. But remember, in his time the master also was a modern.

The new man says of Dickens that his sentiment rings false. This is a mistake. It rings old-fashioned. No false note ever moved a world, and the world combined to love his very name. There were tears in thousands of households when he died, and they were as sincere and as real as if they had arisen at the loss of a personal friend.

We, who in spite of fashion remain true to our allegiance to the magician of our youth, who can never worship or love another as we loved and worshipped him, are quite contented in the slight inevitable dimming of his fame.

He is still in the hearts of the people, and there he has only one rival.

No attempt at a review of modern fiction can be made without a mention of the men who were greatest when the art was great. When we have done with the giants we will come down to the big fellows, and by that time we shall have an eye for the proportions of the rest. But before we part for the time being, let me offer the uncritical reader one valuable touchstone. Let him recall the stories he has read, say, five years ago. If he can find a live man or woman anywhere amongst his memories, who is still as a friend or an enemy to him, he has, fifty to one, read a sterling book. Dickens's people stand this test with all readers, whether they admire him or no. Even when they are grotesque they are alive. They live in the memory, even of the careless, like real people. And this is the one unfailing trial by which great fiction may be known.

II.—CHARLES READE.

READE'S position in literature is distinctly strange. The professional critics never came within miles of a just appreciation of his greatness, and the average "cultured reader" receives his name with a droll air of allowance and patronage. But there are some, and these are not the least qualified as judges, who regard him as ranking with the great masters. You will find, I think, that the men holding this opinion are, in the main, fellow-workers in the craft he practised. His warmest and most constant admirers are his brother novelists. Trollope, to be sure, spoke of him as "almost a man of genius," but Trollope's mind was a quintessential distillation of the commonplace, and the man who was on fire with the romance and passion of his own age was outside the limit of his understanding. But amongst the writers of English fiction whom it has been my privilege to know personally I have not met with one who has not reckoned Charles Reade a giant.

The critics have never acknowledged

him, and, in a measure, he has been neglected by the public. There is a reason for everything, if we could only find it, and sometimes I seem to have a glimmering of light on this perplexing problem. Sir Walter Besant (Mr. Besant then) wrote in the *Gentleman's Magazine* years ago a daring panegyric on Reade's work, giving him frankly a place among the very greatest. My heart glowed as I read, but I know now that it took courage of the rarer sort to express a judgment so unreserved in favour of a writer who never for an hour occupied in the face of the public such a position as is held by three or four men in our day, whom this dead master could have rolled in the hollow of his hand.

Let me try for a minute or two to show why and how he is so very great a man; and then let me try to point out one or two of the reasons for which the true reward of greatness has been denied him.

The very first essential to greatness in any pursuit is that a man should be in earnest in respect to it. You may as well try to kindle your household fire with pump-water as to excite laughter by the invention of a story which does not seem laughable to yourself, or to draw real tears by a story conceived whilst your own heart is dry. "The wounded is the wounding heart." In Charles Reade's case this essential sympathy amounted to a passion. He derided difficulties, but he derided them after the fashion of the thorough-going enthusiast, and not after that of the sluggard. He made up his mind to write fiction, and he practised for years before he printed a line. He assured himself of methods of selection and of forms of expression. Better equipped by nature than one in a hundred of those who follow the profession he had chosen, he laboured with a fiery, unresting patience to complete his armoury, and to perfect himself in the handling of its every weapon. He read omnivorously, and, throughout his literary lifetime, he made it his business to collect and to collate, to classify and to catalogue, innumerable

fragments of character, of history, of current news, of evanescent yet vital stuff of all sorts. In the last year but one of his life, he went with me over some of the stupendous volumes he had built in this way. The vast books remain as an illustration of his industry, but only one who has seen him in consultation with their pages can guess the accuracy and intimacy of his knowledge of their contents. They seemed to deal with everything, and with whatever they enclosed he was familiar. This encyclopædic industry would have left a commonplace man commonplace, and in the estimate of a great man's genius it takes rank merely as a characteristic. His sympathy for his chosen craft was backed by a sympathy for humanity just as intense and impassioned. He was a glorious lover and hater of lovable and hateful things.

In one respect he was almost unique amongst men, for he united a savage detestation of wrong with a most minute accuracy in his judgment of its extent and quality. He laboured in the investigation of the problems of his own age with the cold diligence of an antiquary. He came to a conclusion with the calm of a great judge. And when his cause was sure he threw himself upon it with an extraordinary and sustained energy. The rage of his advocacy is in surprising contrast with the patience exerted in building up his case.

Reade had a poet's recognition for the greatness of his own time. He saw the epic nature of the events of his own hour, the epic character of the men who moulded those events. Hundreds of years hence, when federated Australia is thickly sown with great cities, and the island-continent has grown to its fulness of accomplished nationhood, and is grey in honour, Reade's nervous English, which may by that time have grown quaint, and only legible to learned eyes, will preserve the history of its beginnings. That part of his work, indeed, is purely and wholly epic in sentiment and discernment, however colloquial in form, and it is the sole example of its kind, since it was writ-

ten by one who was contemporary with the events described.

Reade was pretty constantly at war with his critics, but he fairly justified himself of the reviewer in his own day, and at this time the people who assailed him have something like a right to sleep in peace. In private life one of the most amiable of men, and distinguished for courtesy and kindness, he was a swash-buckler in controversy. He had a trick of being in the right which his opponents found displeasing, and he was sometimes cruel in his impatience of stupidity and wrong-headedness. Scarcely any continuance in folly could have inspired most men to the retorts he occasionally made. He wrote to one unfortunate: "Sir,—You have ventured to contradict me on a question with regard to which I am profoundly learned, where you are ignorant as dirt." It was quite true, but another kind of man would have found another way of saying it.

That trick of being right came out with marked effect in the discussion which accompanied the issue of "Hard Cash" in *All the Year Round*. A practitioner in lunacy condemned one of the author's statements as a bald impossibility. Reade answered that "the impossibility in question disguised itself as fact, and went through the hollow form of taking place" on such and such a date in such and such a public court, and was recorded in such and such contemporary journals. Whenever he made a crusade against a public evil, as when he assailed the prison system, or the madhouse system, or the system of rattening in trades unions, his case was supported by huge collections of indexed fact, and in the fight which commonly followed he could appeal to unimpeachable records; but again and again the angry fervour of the advocate led people to forget or to distrust the judicial accuracy on which his case invariably rested.

When all is said and done, his claim to immortality lies less in the books which deal with the splendours and the scandals of his own age than in that monument of learning, of humour, of

pathos, and of narrative skill, "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is not too much to say of this book that, on its own lines, it is without a rival. To the reader it seems to be not less than the revival of a dead age. To assert dogmatically that the bygone people with whom it deals could not have been other than it paints them would be to pretend to a knowledge greater than the writer's own. But they are not the men and women with whom we are familiar in real life, and they are not the men and women with whom other writers of fiction have made us acquainted. Yet they are indubitably human and alive, and we doubt them no more than the people with whom we rub shoulders in the street. Dr. Conan Doyle once said to me what I thought a memorable thing about this book. To read it, he said, was "like going through the Dark Ages with a dark lantern." It is so, indeed. You pass along the devious route from old Sevenbergen to mediæval Rome, and wherever the narrative leads you the search-light flashes on everything, and out of the darkness and the dust and death of centuries life leaps at you. And I know nothing in English prose which for a noble and simple eloquence surpasses the opening and closing paragraphs of this great work, nor—with some naive and almost childish passages of humour omitted—a richer, terser, purer, or more perfect style than that of the whole narrative. Nowadays, the fashion in criticism has changed, and the feeblest duffer amongst us receives welcome ten times more enthusiastic and praise less measured than was bestowed upon "The Cloister and the Hearth" when it first saw the light. Think only for a moment—think what would happen if such a book should suddenly be launched upon us. Honestly, there *could* be no reviewing it. Our superlatives have been used so often to describe at the best good, plain, sound work, and at the worst frank rubbish, that we have no vocabulary for excellence of such a cast.

And now how comes it, that with

genius, scholarship, and style, with laughter and terror and tears at his order, this great writer halts in his stride towards the place which should be his by right? It seems to me at times as if I had a partial answer to that question. I believe that a judicious editor, without a solitary act of impiety, could give Charles Reade undisputed and indisputable rank. One-half the whole business is a question of printing. This great and admirable writer had one constant fault, which is so vulgar and trivial that it remains as much of a wonder as it is of an offence. He seeks emphasis by the expedient of big type and small type, of capitals and small capitals, of italics and black letter, and of tawdry little illustrations. Long before the reader arrives at the point at which it is intended that his emotions shall be stirred, his eye warns him that the shock is coming. He knows beforehand that the rhetorical bolt is to fall just there, and when it comes it is ten to one that he finds the effect disappointing. Or the change from the uniformity of the page draws his eye to the "displayed" passages, and he is tantalised into reading them out of their proper place and order. Take, for instance, an example which just occurs to me. In "It is Never Too Late to Mend" Fielding and Robinson are lost in an Australian forest—"bushed," as the local phrase goes. At that hour they are being hunted for their lives. They fall into a sort of devil's circle, and, as lost men have often done, they come in the course of their wandering upon their own trail. For awhile they follow it in the hope that it will lead them to some camp or settlement. Suddenly Fielding becomes aware that they are following the track of their own earlier footprints, and almost in the same breath he discovers that these are joined by the traces of other feet. He reads a fatal and true meaning into this sign, looks to his weapons, and starts off at a mended pace. "What are you doing?" asks Robinson, and Fielding answers (in capital letters): "I am hunting the hunters!" The situation is admirably dramatic. Chance has so

ordered it that the pursued are actually behind the pursuers, and the presence of the intended murderers is proclaimed by a device which is at once simple, natural, novel, and surprising. All the elements for success in thrilling narrative are here, and the style never lulls for a second, or for a second allows the strain of the position to relax. But those capital letters have long since called the eye of the reader to themselves, and the point the writer tries to emphasise is doubly lost. It has been forestalled, and has become an irritation. You come on it twice; you have been robbed of anticipation and suspense, which, just here, are the life and soul of art; you know before you ought to be allowed to guess; and, worst of all perhaps, you feel that your own intelligence has been affronted. Surely you had imagination enough to feel the significance of the line without this meretricious trick to aid you. It is not the business of a great master in fiction to jog the elbow of the unimaginative, and to say "Wake up at this," or "Here it is your duty to the narrative to experience a thrill."

Another and an equally characteristic fault, though of far less frequent occurrence, is Reade's fashion of intruding himself upon his reader. He stands, in a curiously irritating fashion, between the picture he has painted and the man he has invited to look at it. In one instance he drags the eye down to a footnote in order that you may read: "I, C. R., say this"—which is very little more or less than an impertinence. The sense of humour which probably twinkled in the writer's mind is faint at the best. We know that he, C. R., said that. We are giving our time and intelligence to C. R., and we are rather sorry than otherwise to find him indulging in this small buffoonery.

It should, I think, be an instruction to future publishers of Charles Reade to give him Christian printing—to confine him in the body of his narrative to one font of type, and rigorously to deny him the use (except in their accustomed and orthodox places) of capitals, small capitals, and

italics. And I cannot think that any irreverence could be charged against an editor who had the courage to put a moist pen through those expressions of egotism and naive self-satisfaction and vanity which do occasionally disfigure his pages.

I ask myself if these trifles, for in comparison with the sum of Reade's genius they are small things indeed, can in any reasonable measure account for the neglect which undoubtedly be-sets him. In narrative vigour he has but one rival—Dumas *père*—and he is far and away the master of that rival in everything but energy. No male writer surpasses him in the knowledge of feminine human nature. There is no love-making in literature to beat the story of the courtship of Julia Dodd and Alfred Hardy in "Hard Cash." In mere descriptive power he ranks with the giants. Witness the mill on fire in "The Cloister and the Hearth"; the lark in exile in "Never Too Late to Mend"; the boat-race in "Hard Cash"; the scene of Kate Peyton at the firelit window; and Griffith in the snow, in "Griffith Gaunt." There are a thousand bursts of laughter in his pages, not mere sniggers, but lung-shaking laughs, and the man who can go by any one of a hundred pathetic passages without tears is a man to be pitied. Let it be admitted that at times he

wrenches his English rather fiercely, and yet let it be said that for delicacy, strength, sincerity, clarity, and all great graces of style, he is side by side with the noblest of our prose writers. Can it be that a few scattered drops of vulgarity in emphasis dim such a fire as this? Does so small a dead fly taint so big a pot of ointment? I will not be foolish enough to dogmatise on such a point, and yet I can find no other reasons than those I have already given why a master craftsman should not hold a master craftsman's place. Solomon has told us what "a little folly" can do for "him who is reputation for wisdom." The great mass of the public can always tell what pleases it, but it cannot always tell why it is pleased. And the man who writes for wide and lasting fame has to depend, not upon the verdict of the expert and the cultured, but on the love of those who only know they love, and who have no power to give the critical why and wherefore. The public—"the stupid and ignorant pig of a public," as "Pocourante" called it years ago—is always being abused, and yet it is only the public which, in the end, can tell us if we have done well or ill. We have all to consent to be measured by it, and, in the long run, it estimates our stature with a perfect accuracy.

(To be continued.)



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CANADIANS ABROAD.

WHAT I wish to present in this paper is an explanation of how it comes about that a certain nationality—the Canadian—has attained unusual success abroad, using the word success in a somewhat common, commercial sense, such as that implied in the well-known phrase, “getting on in the world.”

First of all, it is to be observed that Canadians are abroad in large numbers. Some are in the mother country and in countries on the continent, some in the colonies, such as Australia, and some in other distant parts of the world; but the vast majority are to be found in the United States of America. In 1890, according to the United States census, Canadians in that country numbered 980,938, which was 1.57 per cent. of the entire foreign-born element of the United States. In the principal American cities, in that year, there were 307,660 Canadians, or 31.36 per cent. of the foreign-born element living in those cities. In Boston, which had the lead then, there were 39,678 Canadians, or nearly 14 per cent. of the city's whole population. But these figures were compiled over six years ago, and it is well known that since that time the emigration has gone on at a swiftly accelerating pace. It is now estimated, for example, that there are upwards of 100,000 Canadians in Chicago alone, and it is certain that in other American cities the number has gone up rapidly, even if not so rapidly as in the great western metropolis.

In the next place, it is well known that Canadians as a class have been successful abroad. It would, of course, be hazardous to state that any people had amassed wealth as quickly as the German Jews; but then that is the Jews' specialty. The latter, however, are not necessarily on that account successful. Furthermore, they have

not shown the versatility of the Canadians. You could hardly point to *any* kind of occupation, business or profession in which Canadians are not occupying the most enviable and honourable positions, and that out of all proportion to their numbers. This could not be said of other nationalities. Not only in industrial pursuits have they excelled, but also in the professional world, and notably in the field of scholarship. In proportion to their numbers, more Canadians have carried off scholarships, fellowships and various honours from John Hopkins and other leading American post graduate universities than any other nationality. And not only in the United States, but in some of the older seats of learning beyond the sea they are doing this. In all spheres of life, in fact, they have shown themselves equal to the largest opportunities ever placed within their reach. It would not seem necessary to many readers to make such a statement, and indeed it would not be, but for the uncertain notions about Canadians which still prevail even among those who ought to have more definite knowledge.

Of those Canadians who emigrate to the United States, many are artisans, mechanics, common workmen, etc., in the great army of labour who come, mostly, from Eastern Canada; but the majority are connected as employees with the large American business houses and commercial concerns, or are engaged in what, for convenience, may be called the higher pursuits. It is worthy of note that the vast majority of them are young men. It has been said that they are the cream of Canadian manhood and, no doubt, there is some truth in that contention. They are those, as a rule, whose chances for worldly success in the Dominion are not commensurate with their ambition. It is not the unemployed alone, or principally, who strike out into the great

republic. It is frequently those who already are assured of a comfortable livelihood, but who see plainly the height to which they are privileged to climb, which often is of a far from dizzy altitude; while in looking to the United States they are fascinated with the uncertain prospect, a prospect that lures them on with its possibility of wonderful personal achievement. Their strong ambition and resolve, then, which in the first place lead them to leave the country, need to be reckoned in, as important elements in their success.

Another reason, which is a most obvious one, is their physical vigour. The climate they live in is, for the most part, cold and rugged in winter and not too extremely hot in summer. It is eminently favourable to the building up and maintenance of robust physical constitutions. The Canadians, as a race, are large men and women, with good health and athletic forms. Their powers of endurance are certainly not excelled by any other civilized race. During what is known as the North-West Rebellion of 1885, the men who went to the front from Ontario were, without past training, subjected to physical tests which for severity have never been surpassed, such as fording streams, making long forced marches, and encamping on the bleak prairies in the midst of the bitter cold of the Canadian North-West winter. It hardly needs saying that physical vigour is the only substantial basis of mental vigour, and the two combined, as they are in the average Canadian, is manifestly an important element in his success, either at home or abroad.

Another element that needs only to be mentioned to be recognized as a most effective force is that of education. It may not be widely known that the youth of Canada are more generally educated than those of other countries. In proportion to the population, more of them receive a college education than any other nationality. In fact, the cry has not infrequently been raised in Canada that its excellent educational institutions are its own worst enemies, inasmuch as the young men, after hav-

ing secured their education at considerable public expense, turn their steps to the United States, instead of lending the fruits of their educational training to the country at whose expense it has been acquired. The greater portion of the Canadian people resident in the United States has come from the Province of Ontario, where, as informed educators know, a system of education obtains which is theoretically the most perfect in the world. Is it any wonder, then, that from a state where education is widely diffused and where a well-nigh perfect system is in vogue, the young men should go forth able to compete most successfully with those who have been less carefully prepared for the conflict of daily life?

One of the old classic writers tells us of the Roman soldiers, that they were remarkable for their coolness and deliberation (*i. e.*, slowness), and for their subdued strength. These are characteristics that belong, I think, peculiarly to Canadians. One will occasionally hear it remarked in the United States, that Canadians are slow, and the remark, of course, is always intended as a most uncomplimentary one. It may be a partially just criticism in the sense in which the word is there used, but, at any rate, it is a perfectly just one in the sense in which our author applied it to the Romans. Where the Canadian makes a great gain is in the fact that he has coolness and steadiness of nerve, added to his splendid physical endowment. This desirable resource, which is an invaluable addition to his power to succeed, is lacking in all other races but those of Anglo-Saxon origin, and in a marked degree is lacking even in one of the latter, because its national nerve system has become shattered through the continued strain put upon it by efforts to become rich.

One other reason, which will be more evident as such further on, is that the Canadian has his own particular notion of success, which is an improvement on the general. His love is not for money-getting like the American's, not for acquiring real-estate and gold like the Englishman's, not for wooing gaiety

like the Frenchman's, but for a combination of things. The latter includes a desire for mental culture and recreation, for moral and spiritual growth, for a better home life, for a higher ideal of citizenship and stateship, and especially, perhaps, for physical recreation and improvement. True, other nationalities place a value on some of these; not, however, on all of them. The Canadian's notion of success is a diversified one. If it were not, if he were a national specialist of some sort, an abnormal specimen, he might make, say, a better shekel-gatherer, or a bigger landlord, or a more skilled artist, or a greater something else, to be sure, but then he would not be so generally successful as he now is,—in fact, he would not be a Canadian.

So far, I have endeavoured to give only a few of the more effective elements that are at once the most directly and most obviously connected with the Canadian's success abroad. Other important elements exist which have not been mentioned, such as thrift, industry, sobriety, etc., which qualities, however, are by no means peculiar to him.

Now I pass to the most potent element of all, most potent because it is, what may be designated, the *basal* element, the *raison d'être* of all others. What is it? you ask. It is that element which is connected with his nationality. It is that which concerns the breed, the blood, the stock, or whatever you may choose to call it, to which he belongs. It is that element which he has inherited from the English people, and which the circumstances of his residence in North America have conspired to modify and improve. The question of nationality is not a mere fanciful one. There is something in the blood or the breed that distinctly marks one nation from another, and which accounts for the greater success and advance in civilization of some races than of others. It does not take an ethnological expert to tell an Englishman from a Frenchman, or a Frenchman from a German. Indeed, the fact of racial differentiation can almost be

verified in a comparison of Americans and Englishmen. The Americans are, it is true, so nearly allied to the English that, while they cannot be said to belong to another stock, yet they may be said to be a distinct variety, which is so different from the original plant as to actually render the two as unlike as are some nationalities who speak different languages. This is not at all equivalent to saying that American blood is not as good as English. The species or variety added to a grafted tree brings forth as good fruit as the original tree, sometimes better.

There is likewise another variety, an offshoot from the English stock—the Canadian—which is different both from the original stock and the American variety. It can hardly be maintained that these differences are sufficient to justify a conclusion that any one of these three peoples is superior to the others. Any statement of that kind would prove as invidious as it probably would prove inaccurate and misleading.

But there is one important point in which Canadians and Englishmen have a distinct advantage over Americans, in this matter of nationality. It is that the former have an invaluable mental characteristic which the latter are almost altogether without, and which I can find no better word to express than *loyalty*. The word loyalty is one of peculiar significance to all English-speaking people, except Americans. The latter, quite naturally, for constitutional reasons, have little or no use for it, in the European sense in which it is usually associated with monarchical institutions. The main thought implied in it, as it is commonly used on British soil, is as foreign to them as it is native to Englishmen, Canadians and Australians. The significance of the word to all citizens of the Empire lies in the fact that it carries with it the idea of devotion not alone to English political ideals, but likewise to all the cherished traditions of the English race, and to all its treasured legacies of mind and heart. In neither of these senses of the word have the Americans loy-

alty. And that is precisely why they are Americans. But let no one impugn their loyalty to American institutions. No nation in the world is more devoted to its own creations.

I have referred to loyalty as a mental characteristic; and so it is, taking the word in its British meaning, because it is so nearly akin to, if not identical with, that conservative trend of mind so characteristic of the average Englishman. And it is right here where the gist of the whole matter lies. Why Canadians succeed abroad or at home is, as will be presently shown, precisely because they have enough of this saving characteristic of loyalty or conservatism in a broad sense, which unites so admirably and efficaciously with the physical circumstances of their national life.

This conservatism of Britishers, this loyalty to the things of the past, is pre-eminently an advantage to them as it would be, in a far lesser degree of course, to Americans. The American mind is essentially one of revolt. It could not be otherwise. Nothing in the world changes the heart and mind of a people, and changes them so effectively, as a war of independence. Even the short history of the American nation is long enough to have cast the native-born American mind into a mould from which it cannot escape. It is natural, therefore, to the American, to think somewhat lightly on the conventionalities and the legacies of the past, and especially on those of British origin. It is well, indeed, in some respects, that this is so. It gives play to all the advantage there is in cultivating a pronounced feeling of national self-reliance and individuality. There is a wonderful vitality and manliness accomplished in the very act of striking for independence, and, after acquiring it, in tilling the fertile fields of native mental resources, without faltering at every turn to measure methods and results with those of other lands. The very soil, too, of a new land has a marvellous effect in reinforcing the independent spirit and developing the mind of revolt, of men who have gained their liberty in conquest. These two

factors—independence fought for and gained, and the virgin soil—are the corner-stones of the American Republic. And, as we were saying, it is well, in some ways, that it is so, well that the conditions upon which the formation of the nation rests are such as to have produced a trait of mind that is essentially one of revolt against the traditions of the old world.

But here is the misfortune of it all. It is likewise true that this trait of mind, born of national conditions, has operated, at the same time, to tear down certain moral, religious and educational principles which it were well to conserve. For example, the Americans have let themselves rush so voraciously into the pursuit of wealth, that such old foggy notions as paying one's debts, and keeping one's word and telling the truth, and doing to others as one would like to be done by, have been discarded, to no inconsiderable extent, as something suitable, perchance, to the old grannies of the old world, but not to the up-to-date, free and independent-spirited men of America. This is not at all to be taken as meaning that these good attributes do not exist in the United States. They do, only they exist in a far more limited degree than they would but for the mental characteristic alluded to.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, said, not long ago, in an address to the graduating class of '96: "The American people, in a too exclusive pursuit of external goods, have forfeited their ancient dower of inward happiness. The one efficacious remedy is a return to truer views of life as rational and moral. We need a fresh baptism of idealism, a new consecration to spiritual ends, a quickened enthusiasm for truth, justice and righteousness." The advantage accruing to the Britisher, therefore, is that his loyalty keeps him in a state of more or less reverence for the things considered to be of good report, and in this way saves him from the evils attendant upon an extravagant civilization.

The Canadian occupies a somewhat peculiar relation to the American and

to the Englishman. He may not cope successfully with the former in the gathering up of gold, nor with the latter in the display of European culture and finesse; but, after all that, he has a distinct advantage over both in the essentials upon which success is built. His advantage over the Englishman is that, in addition to his knowledge of English institutions which, according to Mr. Gilbert Parker, he understands better than the Englishman himself, he is also in touch with colonial life, which, somehow or other, the average Englishman does not comprehend at all. He is in possession of all the best treasures of English civilization, just as much and just as sympathetically as the Englishman, and, in addition, he has what the Englishman has not—the irresistible vitality and fresh energy that come from his residence in a new land of rugged climate, of unsurpassed grandeur, of natural scenery and of illimitable resources. He is more versatile, has far more faculty for adapting himself to new conditions and to the most democratic ideals, is just as brainy and has much more heart.

On the other hand, his advantage over the American is equally marked. It has already been suggested. Loyalty is the word, so distasteful to some, that explains it. The American is, indeed, a better adventurer than the Canadian in the fields of commerce, has more of that audacious enterprise which has astonished the world with its marvellous results, but yet the very quality of mind which has made these results possible has bereft him of some of the most essential elements of any real human progress.

It therefore happens, as might be anticipated, that Canadians are very frequently, if not almost always, given a preference over men of other nationalities by United States employees, on account of their reputed honesty and reliability. There is no question that this reputation has got abroad in the American Republic, and it is equally certain that it has been acquired by the

genuine article alone. I will not stay to argue whether or not honesty is the best policy in affairs. Canadians, I think, are honest, not from policy, but because they think it is right, and I attribute their rapid success in the United States largely to that fact.

Finally, there is another point worthy of mention which is negative rather than positive in so far as it applies to Canadians' success in the United States, and that is, that Canadian blood is not contaminated by the influx of the poisonous dregs of Europe. It is obvious that the effect of an infusion of foreign bad blood is as disastrous in the change of breed as the infusion of foreign good blood is beneficial. But aside altogether from degeneracy in the physical pedigree which has been taking place in the United States, the moral and intellectual standards of Americans are bound to fall by reason of the immoral, illiterate, restless and degraded human importations from the eastern world. The Canadian race is favoured in that it is not corrupted in this mischievous way, and its chances for advancement in every respect are just that far augmented.

It has not been my purpose to magnify the character or attainment of this people. Indeed it has been pointed out wherein they do not cope with other English-speaking peoples, and how that many of their advantages are their inheritance rather than of their own making. But the careful student of Anglo-Saxon civilization will not fail to discern that on the northern borders of the American union of States there exists a robust young offspring of the mother land, that bids fair to eclipse its older kinsmen, both in this hemisphere and across the sea, in producing a vigorous and healthy manhood and womanhood, potent for the upbuilding of a strong nation and, by example, for illuminating the dark paths trodden in confusion by the less fortunate of other lands.

F. Clement Brown.

CANADA AND THE VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT.

A Reply to Mr. Blackstock.

THE treaty provisions recently entered into between the United States and Great Britain, providing for the settlement by arbitration of the long-standing boundary dispute between the Spanish American Republic of Venezuela and the British colony of Guiana, is subjected in the December number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to adverse criticism and general denunciation by George Tate Blackstock, Q.C. That gentleman characterizes the provision made for the settlement of this long-standing difficulty as a national infamy and disaster, and asserts that, while the United States emerges from the dispute with everything gained, England has, at the same time, sustained an ignominious defeat. The assertion is made that England has no such jealous and persistent foe as the United States, and deep disappointment is expressed because the Venezuelan matter is placed upon a basis which obviates the necessity of securing the settlement of the question by the arbitrament of arms. Mr. Blackstock laments the gullibility of the English public, who are most anxious to believe that Americans reciprocate their aspirations for harmony and union, and asserts that the consent to arbitrate upon the impudent assertion that the Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* was a fitting prelude to the still more preposterous claim that Great Britain cannot deal with a boundary dispute upon this continent except in a manner prescribed by the United States.

Mr. Blackstock evidently does not belong to that class of English-speaking men who look for harmony and union and a measurable unity of action among the various English-speaking commonwealths of the world. He hardly seems to realize that concessions, and even sacrifices, may be made for the sake of securing this condition

of affairs, and that these concessions may proceed from the highest motives, and may be not only not dishonourable, but in the highest degree creditable to the public men or the parties who make them. Cordiality and friendliness of feeling, it is quite certain, are not likely to be promoted by the statement of sentiments such as Mr. Blackstock gives to the world in his recent article. The article is pervaded by a spirit of bitterness and of hostility which, under the circumstances of the case, are entirely unwarranted. It is alleged that the United States, by the terms of this treaty, is made the paramount power on this Continent, and a sentimental allusion is also made to the feelings of Britons in America upon the discovery that England is really not able to stand up against the United States, and is ready to yield to the arrogant demands of that power rather than face the consequences of a collision.

The truth with regard to the preliminary arrangement for the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary dispute is, that this matter has been a subject for discussion between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States for many years; that diplomatic correspondence upon the question dates back as far as 1876; that the United States has chosen to exercise a friendly interest in the affairs of Venezuela to the extent of asking that the dispute relating to the boundary between that Republic and British Guiana should be referred to an impartial board of arbitration for settlement. It is true that this proposal at the outset was declined by Lord Salisbury, but it can scarcely be asserted that if in the progress of the discussion Lord Salisbury found it expedient to modify his views upon this point, that he thereby rendered himself liable to the charge of infamous

desertion of British interests. The truth is that, as a result of the progress of negotiations, the Venezuelan question became merged with the general question of the settlement of all disputes between the United States and Great Britain by a court of arbitration, and it certainly seems that no good reason could be advanced by English statesmen for refusing to include this solitary case in the general arrangement for settling disputes that might arise between these two great powers.

It is not a truthful presentation of facts to assert directly, or by insinuation, that Great Britain in the past has not been true to Canada and her interests. Her treatment of the Dominion has been generous and paternal. She has left us to take our own course, and has given us complete control over our own internal affairs, reserving only a constitutional power of checking our legislative action, which has never been wantonly exercised and, in fact, has scarcely been exercised at all. It is unreasonable to expect the motherland to make Canadian interests the paramount consideration in her policy. The Empire is world wide, and British diplomacy has to do with multitudes of important interests. Jealous and unfriendly continental powers are ever on the watch for a false move, and with an Eastern question on hand, and interests of magnitude in India, Egypt and South Africa to guard, the need for a Canadian statesman at the elbow of Lord Salisbury to direct his course in American matters is not as apparent as Mr. Blackstock imagines.

The forbearance exercised by Great Britain and the United States towards each other in the settlement of their difficulties, for years past, furnishes an object lesson to the world. It is needless to say that a war between these nations would be a measureless disaster, that it would be a blow to civilization and human progress, a blow to human liberty, a crime black and direful. The spirit which has actuated Lord Salisbury in the recent negotiations, has heretofore averted the precipitation of such a calamity. The Ala-

bama claims, the San Juan boundary dispute, the Fisheries question and the Behring Sea trouble have all been amicably settled in this way, and now we have the blessed assurance of provisions that will render war between these two powers entirely improbable in the future. Why should Mr. Blackstock send up his plaint because war has been averted, and 125,000,000 of English-speaking people have declined to take one another by the throat over a miserable dispute about some swamp lands in the tropical regions of South America?

When President Cleveland's message was issued in December, 1895, the attitude of the better class in both England and America upon this question was above all praise, and Lord Salisbury, in taking the step he has done, has yielded to the pressure of British public sentiment; a pressure which has been met by a corresponding pressure in the United States for the securing of a settlement of this matter upon the basis which has been decided upon.

Mr. Blackstock evidently believes that the interference of the United States in this case is purely a piece of impertinence, and his references to the Monroe doctrine are not of a complimentary character. We may not approve of the Monroe doctrine, but we should at least give its character fair and impartial investigation. In 1822 the United States recognized the independence of Mexico, which had recently revolted and thrown off the Spanish yoke. Other Spanish-American provinces had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and joined the family of Republics upon the American Continent. Whether it was proper or not, it certainly was natural that the United States should take an interest in these movements, and should be prepared to act as sponsor, to some extent at least, for these young nations who were founding their institutions upon the model of her own. This feeling found expression in the promulgation of the Monroe doctrine, by President Monroe in his message of December 2nd, 1823. This message declared the United States would avoid

entangling itself in the political complications of Europe, and that any attempt on the part of European powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be regarded by the United States as dangerous to their peace and safety and would accordingly be opposed. Upon this doctrine, as a part of its American policy, the United States have rested from that time; they have not attempted to make acquisition in the Eastern Hemisphere, have not been participants in the partitions of Africa among the powers, and have simply held that further territorial acquisitions in America by European powers would be discountenanced. Possibly this attitude may have spared Central and South America from partition among the powers of Europe. Whether this be the case or not, the United States has simply stood as guardian of the rights of the infant Republics of America, who have formed their institutions upon American models and looked to the United States as their example and guide, a position which carried with it, to a certain extent, responsibility for their good conduct and their relations with European powers. Certainly it would seem a difficult matter to assign any reason for opposing the arbitration of a dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain, that could not be assigned as a reason for opposing the settlement of any question that might arise between the United States and Great Britain.

Mr. Blackstock asserts that we are face to face with the greatest crisis in many a day in American colonial history. Why this should be the case is not apparent. We have arrived at a point where provision has been made for the possible settlement by arbitration of all cases of dispute likely to arise in the American Hemisphere. Future peace has apparently been secured. We have but to pursue a friendly policy to secure reciprocal treatment of the same character. Our future interests will be best promoted by friendly and intimate relations with the United States, so far as such relations can be put into operation with-

out danger or prejudice to our own autonomy. Our own influence upon the future relations of the various Anglo-Saxon commonwealths of the world can be made very potent, for nearly all the collisions and frictions that arise between Great Britain and the United States are of Canadian origin, and their evil influence can be minimized, if not entirely removed, by the exercise of forbearance and friendliness of feeling upon our own part.

Mr. Blackstock deprecates the exercise by the United States of influence upon this Continent. It seems hardly reasonable to demand that a nation possessing seven-twelfths of the English speaking people of the world should be prohibited from exercising influence within the sphere of its own surroundings. Whether desirable or not, such a demand is preposterous, and we cannot expect to hold the wealthiest nation in the world in leading strings and compel it to confine its operations, its sympathies and its influences strictly within its own boundary lines.

Mr. Blackstock asserts that a further result of the settlement of the Venezuelan question will be an augmentation of the navy of the United States which will make her still more defiant and unreasonable. Whether the refusal to settle the Venezuelan question by arbitration, and the imminent risk of war following as a consequence, would have had a tendency to deter the United States from taking measures to increase her navy, the intelligent reader will decide. It is presumably improbable that Mr. Blackstock would propose by convention, treaty, or otherwise to fix the limit beyond which naval development in the United States should be permitted to go. The policy of creating a first-class navy was adopted by the United States Government some years since, and the nation has steadily pursued that policy by making liberal appropriations for naval construction. Unquestionably she will become a naval power of some consequence. It is unreasonable to expect that a nation of 70,000,000 English speaking people

should leave itself in a position to be powerless to assert its rights upon the high seas.

If we pursue a sensible and friendly policy towards the United States, her navy and her military power need be no menace to us, but may be made, in the good days to come when Anglo-Saxon unity and concert of action is secured,

an auxiliary to our own military and naval strength. Let us pray that Canada will interpose no captious and unnecessary obstacles to the realization of a state of concord, peace, and good will among all the Anglo-Saxon States of the world, and especially between the two great representative nations of that race.

John Charlton.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead
Look lovingly on my quiet face
And, in the peaceful features, note the grace
Given by kindly Death, my worthy acts recall,
And, pitying, ignore each grievous fall,
And speak with loving memory and tender thought
Of gentle words I've said, of kindly deeds I've wrought.

My friends whom I have wronged, come then, and weep,
Kiss tenderly the brow so still in sleep ;
Smooth back my hair with loving hand,
And whisper in mine ear "We understand,
Dear one, you did not mean the wrong,
Take now the love that's been withheld so long."

If there be one I've helped, let that one come,
And, sadly entering the darken'd room,
Grieve o'er the quiet form, so still and cold,
Calling fond memories of times of old,
Look on my face with reverential gaze,
And speak of me with loving words of praise.

Oh, judge me not too harshly. I have sought
To do the right ; long weary battles fought
And many lost ; remember those I've won ;
Think of the tasks that I have bravely done.
Make your last gift of love the very best,
That I may all the happier rest.
For I shall know it all. And when beside
My last bed all the love, denied
In life, is poured on my unconscious head,
From some far-distant star I'll watch you shed
The tear of sorrow ; I shall see you touch
With reverence the form you'll love so much,
When I am dead.

Helen Thompson.

ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL.

A MOST interesting article on the "Direct Production of Electricity from Coal," from the able pen of Mr. G. H. Stockbridge, appeared in a recent number of the *Engineering Magazine*. This writer informs us that Dr. W. W. Jacques of Boston has succeeded, after several years devoted to painstaking experiments, in producing a current of electricity directly from the decomposition of carbon. Dr. Jacques is quoted, on page 661, as explaining his discovery in these words:—"If oxygen, whether pure or diluted as in air, be caused to combine with carbon or carbonaceous materials, not directly as in the case of combustion, but through an intervening electrolyte, the potential energy of carbon may be converted directly into electrical energy, instead of into heat."

The common form of combination of oxygen with carbon, known to everyone, is that seen in the burning of coal or wood, and the light and heat given off during this process of burning is the sensible manifestation of the energy which resided in the unburnt fuel. This energy is simply power to do work, and work has been defined as pressure acting through space, or as pressure acting over a given distance, as when a pound weight is raised a foot high. The fuel possessed this energy before it was burned, but it existed in what is known as the potential form.

An idea of what is meant by this expression, "potential energy," may be had by examining one or two examples. The hammer of a pile-driver when lying inert upon the head of a pile has no energy, either active or potential, as far as the pile is concerned. It is true that the hammer presses upon the head of the pile by virtue of its weight, but the pile resists this pressure with equal force, and no motion of either pile or hammer takes place. The hammer is unable to do any work on the pile, because its pressure or weight is not com-

petent to move it through any space, and it therefore lacks energy, in this position, with reference to the pile. Let the hammer now be drawn up to the top of the frame. It will hang there as inert as when it rested upon the supporting pile, and again, as far as the pile is concerned, without doing any work. The hammer, however, was raised against the attraction of gravity, which pulls upon it, like a stretched elastic band, seeking to bring it quickly and forcibly down to its former position. The hammer now possesses what, for want of a better term, may be called the potential energy of position with reference to the upright log below it. It is now able to do work, as is instantly seen when the detent is released. The falling hammer shoots down the slippery guides at an ever-increasing velocity, and striking the pile drives it down a foot or so. As the pile goes down under the blow, the whole of the now active or kinetic energy of the hammer is given up to the stick of timber, which in turn acts upon the earth in which it is imbedded, pushing some of it out on all sides from below the point, and overcoming the friction upon its cylindrical surface. The earth about it is moved into new positions, and this movement and friction develop heat in pile and earth which radiates off and is lost to our senses, though never destroyed.

Another form of potential energy is exhibited in an ordinary clock. It is wound up by someone who is conscious of exerting a certain amount of force in order to turn the key. After the winding is completed, the clock is expected to have stored up in it enough power to keep the hands moving over the dial, hour after hour, for a week or more. The wound-up mainspring of the clock therefore possesses potential energy. It may be called the potential energy of molecular disturbance. As the key was turned round and round in

the process of winding, each small particle, or molecule, of the steel was forced slightly out of its normal position; each either compressed or subjected to tension, but all slightly distorted or disturbed. The spring, in righting itself or getting back to its normal unwound state, will give up, with slight frictional loss, all the power which the hand of the winder had put into it. The pendulum sets free a small portion of this energy at every swing, and instead of letting the wheels spin round and the hands fly over the face for a brief interval, ticks out each minute by itself, and spreads the work of unwinding over a long series of hours.

But to return to the consideration of the carbon in its state previous to being consumed. It possesses the potential energy of chemical separation. That is to say, it is able to combine, chemically, with oxygen, and when so combining, or burning, to produce those forms of active energy which we call light and heat.

When speaking of the theory of combustion Tyndall* describes an experiment performed at one of his lectures on heat. It was the burning of a small diamond in a jar of oxygen. The diamond, as is well known, is composed entirely of pure carbon. He heated the gem to redness, and plunged it into an atmosphere of oxygen. He says: "You are to figure the atoms of oxygen showering against this diamond on all sides. They are urged toward it by what is called chemical affinity; but this force, made clear, presents itself to the mind as pure attraction, of the same mechanical quality, if I may use the term, as gravity. Every oxygen atom, as it strikes the surface, and has its motion of translation† destroyed by its collision with the carbon, assumes the motion we call heat; and this heat is so intense, the attractions exerted at these molecular distances are so mighty,

that the crystal is kept white hot, and the compound, formed by the union of its atoms with those of the oxygen, flies away as carbonic-acid gas."

Chemical affinity, we are justified in saying upon the authority of the late Prof. Tyndall, is of the same mechanical quality as the attraction of gravity, which gave to the hammer of the pile-driver the energy which we have just been contemplating.

An electric current is a form of energy, just as light and heat are. It may, like them, be produced by the consumption of fuel. In the Jacques' apparatus this combination of carbon and oxygen is not accompanied with smoke and flame, but it is nevertheless as truly a chemical union of these elements as that observed in the rotting of timber, or in the burning of coal. In the production of electricity directly from carbon, the potential energy residing in the carbon is made active. Up to the moment of combination with oxygen the atoms of carbon are held together as an isolated mass, and it is the rushing together of these separated elements of carbon and oxygen which develops that form of energy now so familiar to us. In this appliance, under suitable conditions of heat and position, the atoms of oxygen, obeying the laws of that almost incredibly powerful attraction called chemical affinity, moving suddenly through such infinitesimal distances, as they do, yet beat upon the mass of carbon so fiercely that we stand amazed at the enormous aggregate result. One might almost say that the destructive blows dealt by these myriad liliputian hammers break up the solid structure of the carbon and pour upon the conductors the energy of giant strokes.

As in the case of pile-driver and clock-spring, heat and motion were both produced by the transference of potential into active energy, so in this electrical machine the production of heat is seen together with peculiar and powerful molecular movement along the wires, which is known to us as an electric current.

The consumption of carbon to pro-

*Heat as a Mode of Motion, by John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., etc.—New York: D. Appleton and Co'y, 1880. Section 48, page 43.

†Motion of translation. (Mech.) Motion in which all the parts follow the same direction; motion without rotation. Standard Dictionary, page 1918.

duce electricity is attended by phenomena similar to those observed in the more familiar examples of burning and volting. There is the production of a residuum like the ash left after fire, together with the disengagement of a certain amount of gas and heat.

The production of electricity is here effected by inserting a prism of carbon into a melted mass of caustic soda (sodium hydrate), the whole contained in an iron pot. One wire is given off from the pot and the other from the carbon prism, and on this circuit electric lamps may be placed. The iron pot is heated to a temperature of between 400° or 500° centigrade, by means of a fire of coals placed immediately below it. The caustic soda is impregnated with ordinary atmospheric air by means of an air-pump, which forces it into the molten mass through a "rose" placed beneath the carbon rod. The oxygen in the caustic soda begins combining with the carbon, and this chemical combining is rendered continuous by the presence of the air constantly pumped into it. A residuum formed in this process is carbonate of soda which, as Mr. Stockbridge tells us, "results from the union of some of the caustic soda with the carbonic-acid developed in the generating process or coming from the injected air." The ash from the consumed carbon which forms in the melted sodium hydrate increases as the operation continues, and tends to lessen the effective action of the caustic soda. Dr. Jacques has found that the addition of a small per-

centage of the oxide of magnesium renders the caustic soda effective for a longer time. The reason for this is explained in the article referred to.

Putting the description of the action of the Jacques' furnace in the language of electricians, we are told:—"Briefly the process employed by Jacques consists in chemically combining oxygen with carbon by impregnating a molten basic electrolyte, which is in contact with the carbon, with oxygen or air, and collecting the electricity thereby developed by means of an electrode not acted on by the impregnated electrolyte when the circuit is completed." The molten basic electrolyte is the caustic soda. The word electrolyte means a chemical compound which can be decomposed by an electric current. The electrode is here the iron pot, which is not acted on by the melted caustic soda.

The discovery of Dr. Jacques is certainly a notable step forward in the solution of the great problem of cheapening the production of electricity. Whether or not it can be considered as introducing a probable rival of the steam-engine is still an unsettled question. At present the production of a temperature of about 450° C., or 842° F., means the burning of fuel, and the cost of operating an air-pump is also a factor in the problem. The value of the carbon, the caustic soda, and the oxide of magnesium all go to make up what is called the cost of operation of the whole apparatus, and upon that aspect of the question no reliable data has yet appeared.

Geo. S. Hodgins.



ONTARIO'S WEAKNESS.

LIFE is a battle of hard facts against theory. The battlefield of experimental democracy is strewn with disappointed hopes, aspirations cut short, and castles in the air cruelly destroyed. What hopes we in Ontario built upon the benign and beneficent influences of free education! Brought to the door of the humblest cottage, it would enter in and make the lives of the people happier and more true. Labour would become more efficient and more dignified, and before the bright light of knowledge the hideous phantoms of vice and crime would fly away. With what care have we studied the systems of other countries, and, step by step, built up and perfected a system of our own, leading by natural grades from the public school and kindergarten at the cottage door to the University of Toronto! With what pride, and natural pride, we look at the crowning point of our system, which commands the respect and admiration of the whole American Continent! And we receive with complacent satisfaction the congratulations of our visitors who attend the great educational conventions which from time to time are held in our midst.

It is, indeed, hard to have to admit that the Educational System, of which we hoped so much, must be ranked among the disappointments of life; that it has not decreased crime and that, instead of an angel of light, it has proved an octopus with an angel's face, reaching out its tentacles into the houses and pockets of the people, degrading our professions and depopulating the country. The language is strong; but so are the facts.

There are twelve departments in our system, and two of these alone, the Public Schools and High Schools, according to the last report of the Minister of Education in the year 1894-'95, cost the Province over four-and-a-half million dollars. In the last

twenty years, as was lately pointed out by Mr. Galt in *The Week*, the expenditure upon these two departments has been seventy-nine million dollars. The sum is enormous. The taxpayer does not grudge the money, but, in a quiet way, he has shown a certain feeling of diffidence in the wisdom of the authorities. In the year 1891 the Provincial Government passed an Act providing that County Councils may require a portion of the liability of the County to be paid by the County pupils in fees, but such fees must not exceed one dollar per month. The popularity of this concession was shown by the fact that within one year from the passing of the Act there were seventy-seven High Schools in which fees were exacted.

Why, we naturally ask, have educationists been allowed, without criticism or comment, to force upon the people a system of higher education which, it would seem, they grudgingly pay for? Why am I forced, whether I wish it or not, to be my brother's teacher? The primary duty of a government is, surely, to govern. We understand that the functions of a government are extended to education because it is for the public good: 1. that no man should be brought up without an education, and so become a possible burden or menace to the State; 2. that no able man should be lost to the State from the inability of his parents to pay for his education; 3. that every man should be able to make an intelligent use of his rights of suffrage.

How does the Ontario Educational System serve the public good? Experience does not seem to show that education such as we have makes people more moral. In the year 1869 the total number of commitments in the Province for various offences was 5,655; in 1889, 12,531; an increase of 6,876, as against an estimated increase in population of 611,600. Juvenile crime has increased to an alarming

extent; but we complacently, in the face of statistics which prove to the contrary, attribute this phenomenon to the importation of pauper children from Europe. At the Spring Assizes held in Hamilton this year, when the Grand Jury, in their presentment, referred to the number of serious crimes committed by youths which had come before them, and placed the blame, as usual, upon the children imported from English cities, Mr. Justice Street, the presiding judge, in his reply, pointed out that the young men convicted were all brought up, with one exception, in the Public Schools of that city, where, he said, "they were simply taught reading, writing, arithmetic and a smattering of other things, but they were not taught the difference between right and wrong."

One of the most fruitful sources of crime, as was pointed out by Mr. Rutherford Hayes, ex-President of the United States, at Cincinnati, in 1890, is "the inordinate eagerness to acquire wealth and to get money sufficient to satisfy the desires of the extravagant or the profligate, which is so prevalent in these days," and this desire is undoubtedly fostered by the spread of free education. Which, we may ask, is the greater menace to the State, the educated man or the ignoramus out of work? Surely the man most capable of mischief. Yet we in Ontario burden ourselves with a heavy tax to turn out every year a crop of men for whom there is no legitimate occupation for which they are adapted. In the city of Toronto it is estimated that there are 200 lawyers unable to pay their office rent! Indeed, in every town in Ontario there are, at least, one-third too many lawyers, and these men are not only a loss to the State of so many taken from the ranks of the producers, but they constitute a distinct menace to the community. Nine men out of ten, when pushed to the wall, will depart from the lines of strict propriety and honour; and to the overcrowding of the legal profession in Ontario must be attributed the degradation of that calling from a profession to

the level of a trade. Men are driven by the increasing competition and the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood to have recourse to methods of making money, which, fifteen years ago, would not have been tolerated: taxing for work, "working" the churches, blackmail and the manufacture of litigation; a fact which no one familiar with the practical working of the law, who keeps his eye on the current law reports, can fail to recognize. And so it goes on all down the line. The surplus doctors are just as numerous as the surplus lawyers. And if you advertise for a public school teacher at the lowest possible living wage, you will have a hundred and fifty "qualified" applicants.

In twenty years we have educated millions of pupils, and we can not point to one man, who could not have paid for his own education, whose place could not be filled at once by a hundred; not one man, to whose education we feel glad that we have subscribed. While in the general condition of the people we see no great improvement to console us for the money we have spent.

Perhaps this may be due to the fact that our present system more than anything else tends to drive our best men from the country. The difficulties of the educated man only begin when his education is completed. Where the field is as overcrowded as it is in Ontario, there must inevitably be a period of unremunerative waiting. If a man cannot afford to pay for his education, he cannot afford to support himself during this time.

He finds that in the larger centres of the United States the prizes and opportunities are more attractive and the cost of waiting is no greater; and to-day it is the cities of the United States that are reaping the benefit of millions spent by the Ontario taxpayer in higher education.

This statement is borne out by statistics. Taking the years from 1889 to 1894, inclusive, it is estimated that in the former year there were 2,300 doctors and about 1,400 lawyers prac-

tising in Ontario; while at the end of 1894 the number of practising doctors had increased by 225, and of lawyers by 383. During this interval 840 students had passed the final examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and over 700 lawyers had been called to the Bar.

What happened to the surplus, who could not find room in Ontario? It is significant that during the year 1894, when the United States was swept by a financial cyclone, which prevented many from venturing upon an unknown and precarious sea, in spite of the general depression prevailing in Ontario, the numbers of the practising lawyers increased by 132, more than double the average of increase in the other years during this period.

That the general intelligence of the people has improved is beyond question. But our Mechanics' Institutes and Public Libraries tell a disappointing tale. The literature which is read is composed of the lighter magazines and novels. We are not thorough and we are not studious.

These are the fruits of our vaunted system. A close examination will reveal the weak spots. First our educational authorities appear to have overlooked one important feature in human nature which now, in the light of experience, must be fully recognized. Education is, and always will be, used as a direct means of obtaining a living. If you educate a young man in this country beyond a certain point, he turns his back upon the farm and upon manual labour. It is true that, according to the official report last year, 934 High School pupils took up agriculture as a calling. But these figures are misleading, for the great majority of this number only return to their father's farm to await an opening in life. Practical farmers report that the High School pupil who returns to the farm returns with a "bee in his bonnet," and he seizes the first opportunity to get off into some other occupation. As a matter of fact, the tendency to seek a living in the "nicer" occupations is too often fostered by the fond

parent, who finds that it is cheaper to make a lawyer or a doctor of his son than to set him up on a farm, and then it must be remembered that he has little knowledge, as a rule, of the world. When the boy comes home, able to conjugate a Latin verb, he primes his head with rail-splitting presidents and men who have risen to be prime ministers from printers' devils. We hail and admire great men of this type, but it is a pity that their histories are ever written.

Again, to render our system symmetrically perfect, the High Schools, of course, must be well supported. With this end it is necessary, as far as possible, to make them an essential part of popular education and, at the same time, to offer a bait to scholars in the prospect of remunerative occupation when they have finished the course. How has this been done? The course of the Public Schools, which were originally intended to provide all the necessary education for the people, has been cut short, with the express intention, apparently, that the education obtained there should be incomplete. And what is the bait held out as an inducement?

We may gather a hint of this from the report of the Minister of Education for 1894, in which he says, "The High Schools and the Institutes train annually about 1,200 teachers for the Public Schools. This gives an importance to their existence, perhaps, even greater than is attached to any other of their useful functions." In this connection we would refer our readers to an excellent paper written by Mr. McMillan of Toronto, entitled "Defects in our Public School System," read before the Annual Convention of the Ontario Educational Association in 1894, in which he says, "What becomes of this large army of recruits? For the fifteen years already mentioned (1877 to 1892), the total increase of teachers in actual service was 1,868, or a yearly output of 125. To supply this increase of 125 we have the annual output of the Model Schools, numbering on the average 1,200." The natural

conclusion to be drawn from the fact that 125 positions are annually filled by 1,200 teachers, is that each teacher remains something less than two months at his vocation; and the pupils of the Public Schools are subjected to a perpetual succession of tyros, in order that the High Schools may be fed by young men who are attracted by an immediate prospect of making a living as a stepping-stone to the already overcrowded professions.

It is a difficult thing to retrace our steps; but there are two points upon which we could place the finger of reform. If the salaries of the Public School teachers were raised, if every teacher was subjected to a more severe training and compelled, as in Prussia, to pledge himself to serve as a teacher in the Dominion for at least three years, we should have fewer youths seeking a livelihood through higher education who ought to be working in the fields, and we should have better teachers for our children.

There is no reason why I should be compelled to be my brother's teacher, if I, as a citizen of the State, receive no benefit. The standard of the Public Schools should be raised and made as efficient as possible, so as to give a complete common school education. But I, as a taxpayer, should not be asked to contribute to the payment of indiscriminate higher education, beyond that point where it affects the course of the pupils' lives, because an excessive increase of those who receive education beyond that point has been shown to be a detriment and not a benefit to the community. Higher Education, therefore, above this limit should be made as nearly as possible self-maintaining. At the same time, the poor man who cannot afford to pay for his education, and is likely to prove a benefit and an ornament to the State, might well be provided for by a

system of scholarships which would give him free education, and maintain him until he is able to earn a living by his profession.

The evil is patent to every man who thinks. But how is it to be remedied? If indiscriminate higher education has proved a failure, it has been belauded to the skies. And Canada is not alone in this. We cannot look to our politicians—though, unfortunately, in this country, education is under their control—for the people's representatives ride on the wave of public opinion; they are not the pioneers of thought. Party politicians, too, will always stand by their leaders. We cannot expect our Minister of Education to admit that he has gone too far, and the leaders of the Opposition are waiting for the tide. Nor can we look to the Press, for it has joined heart and soul in the worship of this popular god. We have good reason to believe that the big guns of our leading newspapers are loaded, but they hesitate to fire them off until public opinion is ripe, and they feel themselves compelled. The teachers, again, whose attention must naturally be turned to this question, will never be so foolish as to quarrel with their own bread and butter, whatever in their hearts they may think; and every year we may expect a return of the enthusiasm which is characteristic of the conventions that they hold.

If, then, there is to be any change, based upon common sense and the lessons taught by results, we must look to a full and free discussion by the people themselves in our Farmers' Institutes and Boards of Trade; for here, free from the disturbing influence of politics, these questions can be debated, and it is only those who are supposed to be benefited that can start the ball rolling and criticise without fear the wisdom of their own impartial liberality.

Ernest Heaton.



THE FUNCTIONS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

A Reply to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.

" HERE exists no doubt that men of great ability, in periodicals of much political influence, have put forward doctrines respecting the relations of the Executive to Parliament and the Crown which are altogether contrary to the doctrines which have been generally held on both sides of this House." Lord Hartington, *Hansard Debates*, vol. 246, page 318.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper affords a notable illustration of Lord Hartington's remarks, by his assertions in the article, "The Functions of a Governor-General," published in the November number of *The National Review*. The Ex-Solicitor-General of Canada would, apparently, limit the powers of a Governor-General to those of a stamping machine, and would deprive him of any official judgment apart from that of his ministers.

It may not be uninteresting to briefly define the position of a Governor-General and reply to the special attack upon Lord Aberdeen, unfortunately made by an ex-minister, at a time when all responsibility for the action of the Governor-General had been assumed by a new administration.

The Governor-General of Canada, it is admitted, while an Imperial officer, still constitutionally occupies a position in Canada, with authority similar to that of Queen Victoria in Great Britain.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper ostensibly sets himself the task of controverting the constitutional position assumed by Mr. Buxton, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in two statements made in the British House of Commons.

In 1893 Mr. Buxton intimated, in reply to a question, that "The governor of a colony enjoying responsible government would be justified in declining the advice of his advisers where

he was satisfied that the cause recommended was not merely in his view erroneous, but such as he had solid ground for believing would not be endorsed by the legislature, or, in the last resort, by the constituencies."

In 1894 Mr. Buxton was asked: "Has a Colonial Governor the power to refuse to nominate gentlemen to the Legislative Council when recommended by the Government?" He replied, "A Colonial Governor has the power to refuse the proposals of his ministry, but he is under the obligation if they resign in consequence to find another government to carry on the business of the country."

The position assumed by Mr. Buxton may be analyzed as follows:—

1. The Sovereign or Governor may refuse the advice of his ministers when, in his judgment, it is detrimental to the public interests.

2. He has the right to consider what would be the desire of Parliament or the people.

3. He is bound to find a ministry who will assume the responsibility for his refusal of the advice tendered.

Sir Charles' article itself gives ample evidence of the right and necessity for the exercise of independent judgment by a constitutional Governor. He quotes Prof. Hearn's "Government in England," as follows:

"It is the duty of the Governor to administer the affairs of the colony by the aid of ministers, who act under the superintendence, and with the approval of the Colonial Parliament. His compliance with the advice of these ministers is limited to matters of discretion, and he is bound to decline any proposal that is contrary to law. Neither a governor, nor any other subject, can be freed from the personal responsibility for his acts, or can be allowed to excuse a violation of the law, on the plea

of having followed the counsel of evil advisers."

This is a rather singular quotation in an article, the intention of which is to prove that the Governor-General should have blindly followed the advice of his ministry, even after they were defeated at the polls. And Sir Charles follows up the quotation by recalling that it is not many years since a governor of the Colony of Victoria was deprived of his office for approving of illegal acts of his advisers. The logical deduction is that a governor must exercise judgment and discretion in sanctioning the recommendations of his ministers.

If further support of this proposition is necessary, it may be found in the fourth section of the Royal Letters Patent of 5th October, 1878, respecting the office of Governor-General.

"IV. And we do further authorize and empower our said Governor-General, as far as we lawfully may, *upon sufficient cause to him appearing*, to remove from his office, or to suspend from the exercise of the same, any person exercising any office, within our said Dominion, under or by virtue of any commission or warrant granted, by us, in our name, or under our authority."

Mr. Alpheus Todd, in 1879, issued a pamphlet styled "A Constitutional Governor," which was probably the forerunner of "Parliamentary Government in British Colonies." In it, speaking of the Governor-General, he says:

"If, at any time, he should see fit to doubt the wisdom, or the legality, of advice tendered to him; or should question the motives which have actuated his advisers on any particular occasion—so as to lead him to the conviction that their advice had been prompted by corrupt, partisan, or other unworthy motives, and not by a regard to the honour of the Crown, or the welfare and advancement of the community at large—the Governor is entitled to have recourse to the power reserved to him in the Royal Instructions, and to withhold his assent from such advice. Under these circumstances he would

suitably endeavour in the first instance, by suggestion or remonstrance, to induce his ministers to modify or abandon a policy or proceeding which he was unable to approve."

Lord Aberdeen certainly seems to have fulfilled, last July, all the requirements set down by so high an authority as Mr. Todd.

Mr. Todd, in his work, "Parliamentary Government in the Colonies," has also (page 432) the following appropriate remarks:

"The Governor, like the Queen herself, is bound to be satisfied as to the wisdom and political expediency of every act and proceeding advised by his ministers, before he ratifies and sanctions the same with the authority which appertains to his office."

A noteworthy incident in the history of the Bowell administration in Canada occurred in November, 1895, in reference to a petition for the commutation of the death sentence passed on Valentine Shortis. The Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, presented a report to the Cabinet on the subject. The Council, however, could not agree to grant or reject the petition and the recommendation of the Minister of Justice. Under these circumstances, they placed the whole matter in the hands of Lord Aberdeen, and requested him to decide upon the proper action to be taken. This was a recognition, under very peculiar circumstances, of the royal prerogative of mercy, and placed the initiative of action in the hands of the Governor-General to an extent that is incompatible with the theories now laid down by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. (See Dominion Sessional Papers, 1896.)

The power and authority of the Governor-General being thus far elucidated, there remains to be shown how his conduct should be guided in relation to Parliament and the people.

On March 26th, 1862, the Colonial Secretary (The Duke of Newcastle) wrote as follows to the Governor of Queensland (Sir G. D. Bowen):—

"The general principle by which the governor of a colony possessing re-

sponsible government is to be guided is this; that, where imperial interests are concerned, he is to consider himself the guardian of these interests; but in matters of purely local politics, he is bound, except in extreme cases, to follow the advice of a ministry, *which appears to possess the confidence of the legislature.*"

The possession of this confidence is a condition attached in every case to the acceptance of advice from the ministers. Sir John Macdonald stated this condition very clearly, during the Letellier Debate, in the House of Commons, in 1878:—

"So long as the advisers of the Crown have the confidence of Parliament they have a right to claim the confidence of the Sovereign. This is the great principle. . . . So long as the ministry of the day have the confidence of the people, they will have the confidence of the Crown, and the Crown will be advised by these men, who have the confidence of the representatives of the people. There is only one case in which it seems to be that this doctrine can be impugned, and that is when the Sovereign has a reason to believe that the representatives of the people who maintain, who support the advisers of the Crown, have forfeited the confidence of the people themselves."

According to Sir John Macdonald, whose authority Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is not likely to call in question, the representative of the Sovereign has a right to consider whether his advisers have the confidence of the Parliament, or the confidence of the people. Will Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper maintain that on the 4th of July last Lord Aberdeen was wrong in deciding that the Tupper administration did not possess either the confidence of the people or of their newly-elected parliamentary representatives?

No one will deny that Lord Dufferin was a Governor actuated by the strictest respect for parliamentary principles; and yet we find that he did not confine his functions to the narrow limits laid down by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.

In his celebrated Halifax speech, delivered in 1873, and which he quotes in a communication to the Colonial Secretary, he reports himself as saying that it was the duty of the Governor-General "to remember every hour of the day that he has but one duty and but one subject—to administer his government in the interests of the whole Canadian people, and of the Dominion at large." He assumes here, which is undoubted constitutional doctrine, that he was bound to consider the interests of the people, a position that might easily be quite incompatible with doing only what he was advised to do by the ministry of the hour. If the interests of the people demand it, he was bound to call in the reserved powers of the Crown and refuse to accept the advice of his ministers. It is true that in the same address he used the well-known sentence, "My only guiding star in the conduct and maintenance of my official relations with your public men is the Parliament of Canada." But there is no contradiction in this to the principle under which Lord Aberdeen acted. The old Parliament had expired in April, and strictly applying Lord Dufferin's principle, the Governor-General's "guiding star" was the new parliament just elected by the people, containing a majority of members adverse to the Tupper ministry; and consequently Lord Aberdeen's duty towards the incoming parliament and the people of Canada was clearly not to sanction any acts which would embarrass the government about to be formed in accordance with the recently expressed will of the people of Canada.

Baghot, in his well-known work on the English Constitution, states that "The ultimate authority in the English Constitution is a newly-elected House of Commons." Lord Aberdeen indubitably showed his respect for this ultimate and supreme authority by confining his ministers to the transaction of necessary public business.

In his communication to the ex-Premier, dated the 4th of July last, Lord Aberdeen recalled the fact that the Tupper cabinet had never repre-

sented any parliamentary majority. It was formed after the seventh parliament of Canada had expired. It no longer represented the people. Even Sir Charles Tupper had admitted, in newspaper interviews, his defeat at the polls on the 23rd of June. It is the utmost folly to pretend that Lord Aberdeen should have been officially ignorant of this fact, or to assume that Sir Charles Tupper had neglected to inform him of so important a fact. Bagshot remarks what is universally acknowledged, that the first minister "is bound to take care that the Sovereign knows everything which there is to know, as to the passing politics of the nation." It cannot be presumed that Sir Charles Tupper had neglected to inform the Governor-General of the defeat which he publicly acknowledged on the 25th June, in one of his party newspapers.

Under the special circumstances, Lord Aberdeen's characterization of the acts of the Tupper administration as being "in an unusual degree provisional" certainly seems to be fitting and accurate.

Subsequent to the defeat of Sir Charles Tupper at the polls, the Governor-General approved of over two hundred recommendations of the beaten ministers, but laid down the rule that the ministers should avoid "any acts which may embarrass the succeeding government." Of such acts the Governor-General deemed the filling up of the four vacancies in the Senate, a legislative chamber in which the victorious Liberal party had infinitesimal representation. If Lord Aberdeen had not intervened and reserved these Senate seats for the incoming administration, the Laurier cabinet could not have been constructed in its present form.

Lord Aberdeen limited the defeated Tupper ministry to the transaction of necessary public business. He sanctioned over 200 orders in Council, and temporarily withheld his approval from

a large number of others, until it could be ascertained if they involved:

1. The creation of new offices or appointments.
2. The filling of vacancies for which no provision had been made by parliament, and which had existed for more than one clear fiscal year.
3. Superannuations (and the consequential appointments) for which applications had not been received.

These limits still left large scope for the exercise of patronage by the Tupper cabinet, and the public records show that they took ample advantage of their opportunities.

Calmly reviewed, there can be no doubt that Lord Aberdeen exercised his constitutional functions wisely and in the interests of the people of Canada, and in furtherance of their wishes as expressed at the polls on the 23rd June last.

The responsibility for his actions was assumed by the Laurier administration, which was sustained by the House of Commons. It is worthy of note that Sir Charles Tupper, the ex-Premier, though, as leader of the defeated party, he made a long speech in the House of Commons, on the constitutional issues now under discussion, did not dare to propose and press to a division any motion on this subject. It is a fair inference to make, that he felt that he would not be supported in so doing by his political partisans in the House and in the country.

As to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper's remarks about Lord Aberdeen "being the head of the Liberal party in Canada," and the general tone of offensiveness in his article, while much might be said about their propriety, it is better to hope that the author already regrets their utterance. Of the abiding respect and esteem felt throughout Canada for Lord Aberdeen, no doubt whatever exists in the mind of any unbiased citizen of this great Dominion.

W. A. Weir.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

AN attempt is being made to saddle the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council with a Canadian judge to decide Canadian cases—and to saddle Canada with the salary of this representative. Both saddles are ill-fitting, and will gall. Both acts are unwarranted, unnecessary and positively harmful. The plea advanced for such an appointment is that it requires a Canadian-bred jurist to understand the Canadian cases brought before this the mightiest and most widely-embracing of all human tribunals—and, I may add, the most respected. It is stated by the promoters of this Colonial representative scheme that without it bad law and injustice is and must be the result of this court's judgments. But is it so?

The late Hon. Rudolph Laflamme, Q.C., told me that when he pleaded before this committee he was astonished at the perfect knowledge of the Roman and French law and language possessed by its members. The law found in Canada is either behind-the-times English law, or rusty-with-age French law. The British judges are up-to-date in both laws. It is true that these English judges are not microscopically acquainted with the physical and political conformations and divisions, and the localities and public personages, of Canada. But this very ignorance of persons, places and localities in Canada constitutes, I think, their strongest claim to our respect and confidence. No man is a hero to his own valet. No man will, if he is wise, seek counsel and judgment from his family-circle or his intimate friends—they will prove but Job's comforters. The most deadly enemies a man possesses are often found among his brothers and sisters, his kith and kin. Nations when they arbitrate invariably choose as arbiter another nation foreign to both. Bacon, in his *Novum Organum* states one of the chief sources of error in

judgment to be the Idols of the market-place or those flowing from language and social intercourse. Let the broad Atlantic continue to roll between Canada and her highest court of appeals, and then we shall continue to obtain unwarped judgments. Let the judicial committee continue to be composed of none but British jurists, unknowing the colonials except as through the law they administer, and unknown to them except as to the judgments they deliver.

Shakespeare writes:—"To offend and judge are distinct offices, and of opposed natures." How often do judges offend in Canada by being corrupted by the *idola fori*, and then proceed to judge one of the parties or his lawyer. My own personal individuality being very strong, outspoken and denunciatory, it has often been my fortune as a practising lawyer in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, to have adverse judgments given against me or my client, by judges and magistrates biassed by personal motives towards me. They were influenced by something which I had done or said outside the court-room, hurting their susceptibilities or the sensibilities of their friends; and the judges avenged their wounded feelings or injured pride by acting and judging unjustly towards me or my client. These magistrates were both offenders and judges in the same breath—which, according to Shakespeare, cannot be—and Shakespeare is right.

Justice is represented on our court-houses as a stern, majestic female, with bandaged eyes and a pair of scales; but are the judges in the rooms beneath her sufficiently blind and deaf to gossip and argument and suasion in the market-place? How just are the remarks of the eminent Guyot, in his *Repertoire*:—"Une des qualités les plus nécessaires à un juge, c'est l'impartialité. Avant d'opiner

dans une affaire quelconque, il doit être assuré qu'il n'existe au fond de son cœur ni passion ni affection particulière pour aucune des parties. * * *

On est si porté à trouver bonne la cause de celui qu'on affectionne ; on a tant de penchant à croire injuste ou coupable celui pour lequel on a de l'aversion, qu'en prenant sur soi de les juger, on court souvent le risque de commettre une injustice sans le vouloir. Le juge doit, par cette raison, être très—delicat, et sonder profondément son cœur avant de donner son opinion dans une affaire dont les parties lui sont connues."

Among the early Greeks, the historian Tytler tells us, the judges determined all causes during the night ; for these two reasons, as Athenæs informs us, that neither the number nor the faces of the judges being known, there might be no attempts to corrupt them ; and that, as they neither saw the plaintiff nor defendant, their decisions might be quite impartial. I have read also

that, among the ancient Persians, I think, the judges were blinded by bandages, for the same reason as lastly given by Tytler.

The judicial reform we want in Canada is to compel the judges to imitate those of the ancient Greeks, and see and know nobody coming as suitors or lawyers before them ; and also to provide that neither the suitors nor the barristers shall be able to ascertain what judge will try or is trying their suit at law. Neither of these remedies is impossible to exact or carry out. Finally, we want no change in the personnel of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain. The conclusion of the whole matter is, let us keep our judges and judges' salaries at home in Canada, and be very thankful that we enjoy in the judicial committee the advantages of an ancient Athenian court at a very small cost to ourselves.

Richard J. Wicksteed.



TO MY GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

IF thou, sweet guide, would'st lead my soul apart
 From sordid cares, earth-stains and traffic loud ;
 Or friendly-wise, would'st roll away the cloud
 Whence meanness flames, and bolts of misery dart ;
 Oh, let thy wiles be subtle strains of art
 Which, long enwombed in silence, are avowed
 In golden raptures of the realm where proud
 And blissful spirits, dying, reach God's heart.

Yet scarce should I require an angel hymn
 To soothe the spirit-stress of one poor day ;
 Withhold that joy to drift unto mine ear
 When I from days and dreams have fled away.
 Bid mother's voice sing soft at ev'ning dim,
 My wife, my child breathe "Mine,"—this be Life's cheer.

Reuben Butchart.

KING BABY.

By the author of "A Deposed Favorite," "My Grandmother's Work-bag," etc.

HE entered into possession of his kingdom on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1890, and from the first moment of his reign showed himself to be the most autocratic and exacting of monarchs, wielding his sceptre by the divine right that no one thinks of disputing.

A gesture of his tiny fist would set his subjects a-quaking; a tear in his round blue eye, and a mottled purple in his royal countenance, rendered the Queen-mother distracted, and deeply depressed her husband, the Prince Consort, who had been lowered in rank since King Baby began to reign. It was not until he had ruled for eighteen months that King Baby began to properly realize his own power. He then noticed for the first time that loud screams produced instant food; that, if it were not food time, these same screams, discreetly employed, brought forth a rapid succession of wooden horses, woolen balls, stuffed kittens, and jingling bells. It was about this time, too, that the King's education began. He had previously had a vocabulary absolutely and entirely his own, and was only prevented from continuing its use by observing that even the Prince Consort and the Queen-mother could not understand him in his native tongue. With a sigh he realized that he must employ the language of his subjects, stupid and long-syllabled as it appeared to him to be. Hitherto he had said "Ga-ga" when he particularly wished for something, were it a leaden soldier or a basin of milk, but now he found that grown-up people used different words for different things, doing away entirely with the necessity of pointing at the desired object. And he marvelled greatly at the wonderful stupidity of the arrangement.

About this time the Monarch was taught to shake hands with his sub-

jects. He could not distinctly pronounce the phrase, "How do you do?" but he said "Ow-da" in his most gracious manner, and was considered a very great and clever king. This habit, from constant use, became a mania with him. He said "Ow-da" to every animal he met in the road, from a pig to a donkey, when he was out for an airing in his royal carriage; and even at night custom would prevail so strongly that he would roll over sleepily towards the Queen-mother in the small hours and say "Ow-da," with one warm, drowsy little hand extended in an imaginary greeting. He was taught all the time-honored rhymes with which the ears of similar monarchs have been duly tickled from time immemorial, "Ba, ba, black sheep," and "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man." The latter evidently pleased him most, but he considered it inconsistent with his royal dignity to repeat it before his subjects. The Queen-mother resorted to hiding behind a curtain to watch, when she observed the King pat-a-caking away with his small, fat hands, all by himself in his little cradle, sleep hanging in his blue eyes like snow in the clouds, ready to fall.

Although the King was surrounded with every precaution, his royal life had many narrow escapes. The chair and table legs that larger monarchs do not fear at all proved almost fatal to him on several occasions, and he had to be securely tied into his throne whenever he had his meals, for fear of his over-balancing himself, an event which not infrequently occurs to monarchs even more important than he. In spite of all this care, however, the King one day met with an accident.

His favorite amusement was known to stupid, grown-up people as "creeping." To him it meant long voyages of discovery on all-fours; down im-

mense tunnels, round large mountains and down endless valleys. These several obstacles, to grown-ups, were known separately as passages, boxes, and stairs. The King was never allowed to go down the ladders without a stupid grown-up hanging tightly on to his unkingly-looking, grey overalls.

One day the King escaped from his subjects to enjoy a little stroll of complete privacy, such as all monarchs are wont to do.

He paddled down his tunnel with suspicious quickness, well knowing that his escape partook of the nature of a crime. He crawled rapidly round the mountains, and attacked with a crow of triumphant joy the precipitous ladder. He started at the top with immense enthusiasm, which gradually lessened, as, by a series of resounding bumps, he reached the bottom, so breathless that he could not even scream. The largest bump of all was reserved for his little golden head, which the Prince Consort afterwards compared, with melancholy pride, to the rainbow, for the unequalled brilliance of its different colours.

After this accident the King was confined to his crib for some time, and a wooden gate barred the entrance to the ladder. When he was better, His Majesty would creep to the bars, and, gazing wistfully through at his lost paradise, wonder why the ladder should want to hurt him so. These mysteries were not solved until he had reigned many years in the land.

There was great rejoicing in the royal household when the King once rose to his royal feet, unaided, and hung on to a chair with a somewhat uncertain and imbecile smile. It is true, His Majesty sat down again with an unexpected suddenness which partook of the nature of a collapse, but the fact remained that the feat

had been performed. In this, as in many other things in life, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and the King began to make really rapid strides. Nothing was too great for his soaring ambition; no obstacles too difficult to be overcome. He was one day found completely buried beneath a table-cloth (on which was reposing the Queen-mother's best dinner-service of Crown Derby china), having pulled the same down in a frantic attempt to help himself to some cold roast beef—a feat which he had often seen the Prince Consort successfully perform. His Majesty received a severe reprimand for this exploit. It was the first thing he had done which his chief ministers did not consider clever.

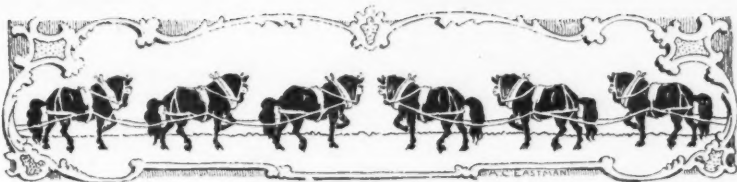
Presently he grew old enough to be taught his catechism, and learn various simple prayers in the vulgar tongue. He always objected strongly when the Queen-mother began the former with the question, "What is your name?" He replied, with indignation at the futility of the query, "You know that just as well as I do." And no amount of argument would induce any modification of his ideas.

In the sixth year of his reign, King Baby's kingdom suddenly tottered and crumbled away from beneath his feet, a catastrophe that history assures us is not an entirely unknown one in the lives of unfortunate monarchs. The sceptre that he had held so firmly in his chubby little hand was wrested from him by a being mightier than he, by reason of his very feebleness, and his fickle subjects (now transposed for him into a commonplace father and mother and uncle and aunt), worshipped at a new shrine.

King Baby was not gathered to his fathers. He was merely deposed. And King Baby the Second reigned in his stead.

E. Laetitia Phillimore.





CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Prof. L. E. Horning of Victoria University, Toronto, in a recent newspaper article, incidentally remarks: "Though there be doubtless good reading in modern Canadian authors, yet one is sometimes tempted to wonder whether there is not a bit of 'faddism' lurking in the industrious cultivation of Canadian spirit and Canadian literature, 'so called,' as many would term it."

Another writer, in replying in the *Toronto Globe* to Gordon Waldron's criticism of Canadian poetry in our December issue, says: "Nothing ing can be more certain than that if we have not a literature, no amount of talking will create one. . . . It is well to remember that our country is young, and our literature is young also. But a judicious encouragement is the best way to foster the growth of the infant. Everybody cannot be a Beethoven, but is nobody, therefore, to be a musician?"

This question of our attitude towards our crude literature is a proper one for serious consideration. If cultivating a national literature is taken to mean unduly encouraging young and inexperienced writers, lauding everything that is printed regardless of inherent merit, buying Canadian books simply because they are Canadian, and petting Canadian writers simply because they live in the land of "The Maple Leaf," then are we "faddists" indeed. This is encouragement, but it is not

judicious encouragement. Much of the Canadian poetry and Canadian prose that has been written during the thirty years that Canada has been a nation will not live, and does not deserve to live; but because of this, we should not say that we have no literature. A little of what has been written during this period is worthy of being treasured and preserved, and will rank well with the best literary products of Great Britain and the United States; but because of this we should not hasten to declare that we have a satisfactory and worthy literature.

What Canada needs to-day is not more books, but better books; not more writers, but better writers. But, above all, Canadian literature needs wholesome criticism—criticism such as David Christie Murray has set out to give the fiction writers of England and the United States. It is perhaps safe to state that Canada has not to-day one competent and fair-minded literary critic. An author writes a book; his friends tell him it should be published; a publisher counts the pages of his manuscript and says: "If you will deposit \$300 with me to guarantee me against loss, I will print a thousand copies for you"; and the book is printed. The newspapers announce a new Canadian book, and the public do not know whether to buy or not. An anxious Canadian purchases one book and is disappointed; he buys the next volume that is advertised, with a like result; then he stops in disgust, and will buy only works by authors whom he

NEMESIS.
(A Cartoon by Hunter).



What is going to happen to your Uncle Samuel one of these days if he persists in throwing that boomerang of his across the river.

knows, Stevenson, Kipling, Barrie, and those of like merit.

This lack of *judicious* encouragement on the part of publishers, literary men and reviewers has put the public at sea. They have no guides, and they cannot afford to buy a dozen Canadian books in the hope of getting one good one. The process is too expensive for the result obtained. There are men in Canada who could do this work if they would, cannot somebody induce them?

It is my firm opinion that the careless newspaper book-reviewing of the day is doing more to destroy what Canadian literature there is, than any other agency. The reviewing is usually done by inexperienced persons who

act on the assumption that they must praise every book so that the publishers may be induced to send more. The result is lamentable.

ONTARIO'S CANCER.

The cancer of Ontario, at present the banner province of this fair Dominion, is not the liquor traffic, not the protective tariff, not party politics, not lack of resources, people, or opportunities, but her system of education. It is spreading out its gnawing arms and sapping her strength and destroying her vitality. Year by year it grows more deadly, and soon—but perhaps the language is too strong.

Our High Schools are robbing Ontario of her brightest and best. Go through the towns and cities of the United States and you find bright young Canadians everywhere. What sent them there? My answer is: Our High School system. Go through Canadian towns and cities, and you find them filled with starving doctors, lawyers, pedagogues and civil engineers. Who took all these from the plough, the bench, the machine, and the counter, and sent them out to be consumers of wealth instead of producers? I am fain to return the same answer.

On the desk, as I write, lie a score of recent newspaper clippings and every one of them relates to this subject. The Macedonian cry for relief from this false education is coming up from all quarters, and he must be deaf

who will not hear. Ernest Heaton's article in this issue throws some light on the matter and is worthy of thoughtful perusal. Those in authority must beware lest the avalanche come.

Our High School teachers are paid—not nominally, but in reality—by the success they have in coaching students for the departmental examinations, in turning out teachers, in producing scholarship men at the University Matriculation examinations. To do this they are forced to teach that the youth who has no higher ambition than to be a farmer, a mechanic, a merchant, a producer of wealth, is not worthy of attention and regard. It is only those who are willing to become teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors—nonproducers, in fact—who are worthy of consideration. They teach most thoroughly that manual labor is unworthy, and that it is in the professions only that brains and knowledge are needed. No boy who has ever been two years at a High School in Ontario ever goes back to the farm—unless he is a ninny and devoid of ambition. As well ask a boy to go back to knickerbockers after two years' delight in long trousers.

The High School masters are not individually to blame, but they are collectively. They should long ago have seen the error of their ways. But the blame attaches most of all to the system. As one writer recently put it, "Why should the High School teachers devote practically their whole energies to preparing pupils for an occupation which requires only about one-sixteenth part of the community?" Why should not our High Schools produce

HER GREATEST NEED.

(A Cartoon by Hunter).



MANITOBA TO MR. SIFTON: "You have done much to settle the School Question, Clifford. Now let us see how quickly you and Jimmy Smart can settle the country."

farmers, merchants, mechanics, and such like, instead of teachers only? Why not develop the commercial course more, and add an agricultural course? To do this, "third-class" certificates would need to be abolished, and the day upon which that is done should be made a statutory holiday for thanksgiving purposes. Let the "second-class" certificates be the lowest grade for teachers, and have Model Schools restricted to a half-dozen in number. This would give us fewer, but better, teachers, and would give us more far-

mers and merchants, but of a higher grade.

The teaching profession, to use a commercial phrase, is glutted. The trades are in need of better men. It requires a radical change in Ontario's educational system to remedy both these evils. The cancer must be removed.

A GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FUNCTIONS.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper in the November *National Review* points out that the action of Lord Aberdeen upon the defeat of the Conservative Ministry in Canada at the polls has caused the Governor-General to be regarded by a considerable portion of the people as a political chief. Nevertheless, he may screen himself behind the dicta of Buxton, Under Secretary of State to the Colonies, dicta which may lead to an undue exercise of the prerogative. In this case, on defeat of the Tupper Ministry at the polls on June 23rd of this year, Lord Aberdeen at once declined to consider the appointment of senators or judges by this ministry, and Sir Charles promptly resigned. Mr. Laurier assumed responsibility for this act of the Governor-General, and so took office.

Continuing, Sir Hibbert states that the ministry had the right to meet Parliament on 17th July, and then to accept its defeat at the hands of the people's representatives. Yet Lord Aberdeen proposed between July 7th and July 17th to govern Canada himself. He then gives several quotations which he thinks tell against Lord Aberdeen's action. The chiefest of these is from Todd's *Parliamentary Government in England*, p. 513: "For, notwithstanding their resignations, the outgoing Ministers are bound to conduct the ordinary business of Parliament and of the country so long as they retain the seals of office. They continue, moreover, in full possession of their official authority and functions, and must meet and incur the full responsibility of all public transactions until their

successors have kissed hands upon their acceptance of office."

From his quotations, and from the tenor of the few remarks that he makes, Sir Hibbert indicates his belief that Lord Aberdeen acted beyond his powers as laid down in his commission; that he took his knowledge of his minister's defeat from newspaper reports and not from official sources, and that he was unduly anxious to have everything in as favorable condition as possible for the incoming ministry. One of his phrases is rather strong: "Lord Aberdeen accordingly finds himself at the head of the Liberal Party in Canada." The closing paragraph is: "It is not many years since a governor of the Colony of Victoria was recalled for approving of illegal acts of his advisers, and for acting as a partisan. It was no justification to him to have had the support of the dominant Party, Mr. Buxton to the contrary notwithstanding."

A clear statement of the other side of this case is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE CABOT CALENDAR.

The publishing success of the year 1896 was "The Cabot Calendar," prepared by Sara Mickle and Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, and that it was a success shows that not only was the work thoroughly and ably done, but also that the picturesque features of our history are appreciated by the public generally. Canadian individuality and sentiment are developing fast, and an appeal to them, at present, meets with a hearty and ready response. This augurs well for Canada's future.

The calendar consists of twelve calendar cards, and on each is an event from Canadian history for every day in that month. Not only are the important events in our history thus orderly set forth, but portraits of leading figures in our history, with autographs, embellish these pages.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed on this valuable and patriotic piece of work.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

CANADIAN history has been enriched during the year 1896 by several important contributions. Three valuable volumes have just been published and call for notice in this issue.

The most important of these is Dr. Bourinot's "Canada," in the Story of the Nations series.* As a single-volume history of Canada this is undoubtedly the best that has yet been printed, and in it Dr. Bourinot is seen at his best—and it may be that in future years, when Canada shall have but his memory, this may be his best known work. He has throughout the volume preserved his well-known calm and judicial attitude; has treated the great events and men with impartiality and yet with enthusiasm. As thousands of these volumes will find their way into the libraries of Great Britain and the United States, Canada had much at stake in this work. But Dr. Bourinot has again done his duty towards his country, and nothing more could be expected or desired.

The introduction covers but fourteen pages, but is a history of Canada in itself. Let me quote a paragraph which will illustrate, also, the style of the author:

"It is the story of the Canadian Dominion, of its founders, explorers, missionaries, soldiers, and statesmen, that I shall attempt to relate briefly in the following pages, from the day the Breton sailor ascended the St. Lawrence to Hochelaga, until the formation of the confederation, which united the people of two distinct nationalities, and extends over so wide a region—so

far beyond the Acadia and Canada which France once called her own. But, that the story may be more intelligible from the beginning, it is necessary to give a bird's-eye view of the country whose history is contemporaneous with that of the United States, and whose territorial area from Cape Breton to Vancouver—the sentinel islands of the Atlantic and Pacific approaches—is hardly inferior to that of the federal republic."

Speaking of Dr. Bourinot's style, it may be said that it lacks the nervousness and epigrammatic brilliancy of a Carlyle, but it also lacks the dreariness and monotony of a Stubbs. His history is not so coloured as Parkman's, but is certainly more picturesque and more vivid than the work of our other previous English writers of Canadian history. Compared with these, and with the average histories, the book is a masterpiece. The arrangement is chronological and yet not chronological; for example, Chapter XXVI. deals with the fur-traders, and chronicles the chief events in this connection from 1670 to 1885. Occasionally some point is thus topically considered. Further, greatest stress is laid on the leading men and the chief events; monotony and lifelessness are thus avoided and the personal and dramatic interests given more play. The two closing chapters are excellent. One deals with "Canada as a Nation: Material and Intellectual Development—Political Rights"; the other is entitled "French Canada," and outlines admirably the characteristics of this picturesque part of Canada.

Sixty-two excellent illustrations, many of them of great historical value, add point to the author's story. This feature will add much to the popularity

*The Story of Canada, by J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., Clerk of the House of Commons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, 463 pp.

of the book, and makes it all the more suitable for the purposes of the general reader.

It is to be hoped that the learned author will be spared to enlarge this work into one of three volumes. It would be a great undertaking, but it would be received with much pleasure. The work done in recent years by such men as McMullen and Kingsford has paved the way for a popular three-volume history of Canada which would find an entrance into the library of every citizen of this country.

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During the past few years much has been added to our knowledge of the northern districts of Canada by the explorations of Ogilvie, the Tyrrells, and Whitney. Another valuable volume* has just been issued from the pen of Warburton Pike. This is the record of a canoe journey of 4,000 miles, which began at Fort Wrangel, a port of entry for the U. S. territory of Alaska, situated on Wrangel Island, about six miles from the mouth of the Stikine River. The route lay up the Stikine, across the narrow strip of Alaskan territory into British Columbia, up the smaller rivers to the Pelly Lakes in the Yukon district. From there the general direction was changed from north to west, and the Yukon River was followed to near where it empties into the Behring Sea; here a portage was made, and the Ruskokwin River followed to its mouth. The trip was begun in July, 1892, and finished about the middle of September of the following year.

The story of this trip is written modestly, yet unhesitatingly, simply and directly. The author says in his introduction: "To the sportsman and man of the woods, this book is offered as a rough description of what happened on a long journey through a good game country, without any attempt to make a big bag, or to kill animals that were not wanted to keep up the food supply." Nevertheless, the general reader will find a great deal of valuable

information in this really charming book.

The author tells of his moose-hunting near the Pease and Liard Rivers, when they killed eleven moose in the three weeks they were out—"this, too, without any very energetic hunting." He says that this district is the best moose country on the continent. "There is a theory that the moose have been driven away from the Pease River and the Lower Liard, and have crossed the mountains to Cassiar to avoid the continual hunting to which they are subjected on the east side." But while Mr. Pike agrees that there has been a migration westward, he does not believe this is the true reason. In this district where he hunted, he reports that "the noblest animal of the whole deer family is increasing and multiplying at an almost incredible rate." His information on this point is very interesting, and one quotation may be given:

"In March and April, when the snow is deep, the moose are easily run down by a man on big snow-shoes, and can often be driven in any direction the hunter pleases. The usual method is to drive the animal on to the river ice before killing him, to avoid the trouble of taking the sleighs into the timber to bring out the meat. The snow is seldom deep enough in this country to force the moose to yard, as is their habit in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; so the system of wholesale slaughter which was formerly practised in the Eastern Provinces is impossible in Cassiar; nor do the Indians here seem to have any knowledge of calling the moose during the rutting season—a method much in vogue among the Micmacs; but they occasionally attract the attention of an old bull by scraping a bone against the bark of a tree, and thus imitating the sound of a rival polishing his horns."

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Another addition to published Canadian history comes from the pen of L. S. Channell, of Cookshire, Que., who has written a voluminous book on

* *Through the Sub-Arctic Forest*, by Warburton Pike, with illustrations and maps. London and New York: Edwin Arnold. Large 8vo., \$4.00.

the County of Compton,* one of the Eastern Townships.

The origin of this term "Eastern Townships" is thus explained by the author: "At the close of the Revolutionary War, in 1782, many thousand United Empire Loyalists were offered lands in Canada by the British Government. The offer was eagerly accepted, and from twenty-five to thirty thousand settled in the townships of Ontario. At the same time a few hundred families came to the townships of Eastern Canada (these lands were not surveyed until after the Conquest, and hence were laid out in the same manner as the lands in Ontario). Their relatives and friends in Ontario, and those who remained in the United States, acquired the habit of distinguishing the different settlements by calling these the Eastern townships. As to how the name was acquired may be a subject of discussion, but it has so attached itself to this district of Quebec, that it is as well known throughout the world as though it were a separate province."

It will be seen from this quotation that, as many Canadians already know, these townships are not so markedly French as the rest of Quebec, and for that reason are perhaps more interesting to the average English-speaking Canadian. Some of the most prominent men in Canadian history were born and reared in this district, and social life there is of a most enticing character.

This book must not be regarded as of mere local importance. It gives a part of the history of Canada, and the author seems to have fully realized this in writing it. His title denotes this, for it runs "History of Compton County and Sketches of the Eastern Townships, District of St. Francis, and Sherbrooke County; Supplemented with the Records of Four Hundred Families, Two Hundred Illustrations of Buildings and Leading Citizens in the County; including Biography of the Late Hon. John Henry Pope, by Hon. C. H. Mackintosh." The Ca-

nadian who has never seen the Eastern Townships will learn much of the peculiar ingredients which are combining to make great the spirit and genius of the Canadian people. Canada needs more such broad-minded and painstaking citizens of the stamp of the author of this valuable work.

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"The Six-Nations Indians in Canada" is the title of a little book by J. B. Mackenzie,* who lived for nearly twelve years in the neighbourhood of the Indian Reservations in the Ontario counties of Brant and Haldimand, and who has made some study of the characteristics of this remnant of a once-powerful people. The lands of the Reservation were granted to the Six-Nations after the close of the Revolutionary War, "as carrying out the essentially laudable and worthy idea of recompense for the loss of their pleasant homes in the Mohawk Valley, which had been brought about by their steadfast adhesion, no less than faithful service, to Great Britain during the conflict. There they have since lived under conditions which the author describes. Their customs, religion, idiosyncrasies, habits, mode of life, and education are fully described, as is the part they played under Tecumseh and John Brant, son of Joseph Brant, during the war of 1812. The book is valuable, but the author has marred it somewhat by over-punctuation, and by the prolixity of his style. It is dedicated to the Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario.

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In 1862, the first overland expedition from Canada to British Columbia (for what is now Ontario was then the western part of Canada) was organized. "The company numbered one hundred and fifty, most of them youths gathered from different parts of Eastern Canada." The journey was beset with many dangers and innumerable hardships, and not all of these intrepid emigrants reached Cariboo. The story of the trip is well

*History of Compton County, by L. S. Channell, with 200 illustrations. Published by the author at Cookshire, Que. Large 4to., 300 pages.

*Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co.; cloth, illustrated, 151 pages.

told in a new book, "Overland to Cariboo," by Margaret McNaughton,* wife of one of the pioneers, and is well worth reading. It gives a broad idea of this western part of our young country as it was before civilization pushed westward with the aid of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The then state of the North-West, the then appearance of British Columbia, have so thoroughly vanished, that such books as this throw a clearer light on the rapidity of the advancement which Canada is making, besides paying a just tribute to the memory of those intrepid individuals who laid the foundations of a new Western Canada.

CANADIAN POETRY.

"Mabel Gray and other Poems" is the title of a worthy volume of verse by Lyman C. Smith,† an Ontario writer. His most pretentious poems are decidedly Tennysonian. Take for example two stanzas from "Mabel Gray:"

Mabel, startled at his question,
Said she was not bred a lady:
It would wound the Ashley pride
If the daughter of a tenant,
Bred to labour from her cradle,
Ignorant of courtly manners,
Should presume to be his bride.

Ashley to her would not listen,
But asserted that her presence
Would the proudest home adorn.
So at last the maiden yielded;
Seemingly she had forgotten
All the vows she made to Evan
On that parting summer morn.

Other pieces show more originality of style, but all are earnest and thoughtful. The author lives with men and women, not with spirits and spectres. His imagination is not too flighty, and a tone of deep purpose sounds through all his work. "The Sculptors," "Constancy" and "Encouragement" are very unpretentious, yet inspiring. There are two or three rather trivial poems at the end of the volume which it would have been wiser to omit, as by them its symmetry is spoiled. A careful perusal of the volume will, how-

ever, bring much pleasure to the reader who is not hypercritical.

"Rural Rhymes and the Sheep-Thief" is the title of a unique collection of poems by Eric Duncan,* of Comox, B.C. There is but one long poem, "The Sheep-Thief." It is historical and descriptive, and is a legend of Shetland. The twelve short poems are distinctively Canadian and eminently rural. As the author says, they are not the "rose-tinted reveries of a rusticating rhapsodist," but are rather "rural rhymes" of an eminently practical nature. "A Mosquito Song," "A Cow Song," "A July Song," and "Drought" are titles which are commonplace enough to indicate the every-day sentiments and experiences which are collected beneath each.

CANADIAN FICTION.

"Tisab Ting" is a novel by Dyjan Fergus, the pen-name of a young lady writer in New Brunswick. The work is certainly startling, the scenes being laid in the close of the twentieth century. The leading character of the story is a learned Chinaman who comes to Canada to seek a wife, and finally wins a Canadian maiden through his superior scientific knowledge, the chief part of which is "the Electrical Kiss." The novelty of the central idea and of the plot does not make up, however, for the author's weakness of style and artistic skill. The execution is very weak, and this can be but partly excused on the ground that it is the author's first attempt.

The need of Canada to-day is not more books, but better books. No author should publish a work without first having submitted it to competent literary men for approval. Publishers in Canada are hardly worthy of the name, because they will publish anything, no matter what its merit, so long as the author is willing to pay the cost of the first edition. Many an author has spoiled his or her reputation by

* Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 176 pp.

† Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 131 pp.

* Toronto: William Briggs. Illuminated paper covers; 35 cents.

publishing immature work. It takes years of patient work on newspapers and magazines to perfect an author in writing. The apprenticeship is necessary before the workman becomes a master. The same laws apply to literature as to the other arts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Those who desire to know anything of Trinity College, Toronto, will find the "Trinity College Year Book" most interesting. Two of the staff, M. A. Mackenzie and A. H. Young, have compiled and edited a vast amount of information which can be secured from no other source. This information is not only useful to graduates and undergraduates, but will be found valuable and interesting to the student of our national life. The volume contains several bright engravings.

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"Notes on Copyright" is the title of a pamphlet* on domestic and international copyright, by Richard T. Lancefield, secretary of the Canadian Copyright Association. This work gives many useful hints as to the method of securing copyright in Canada and abroad, explains the points at issue between the Governments at Ottawa, London and Washington, and gives a synopsis of the Canadian, Imperial and United States Copyright Acts. The author has added much to his valuable services in the prolonged agitation for a Canadian Copyright Act which will ensure publication in Canada.

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"Tomalyn's Quest," by G. B. Burgin,† is the story of a young Englishman who went out to see life and had some experiences in Constantinople. He fell in love with a scheming lady, who tried to use him to secure information for a friend of hers, a Russian spy. Some very tragic incidents and some very ludicrous happenings make up a story which is bright and well told. In view of the present interest in affairs

Eastern, it is perhaps more important than it would have been previously, or may be later. The genius of the East may be somewhat accurately gauged from this piece of fiction, as well as the dissatisfaction resulting from an ill-spent life.

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Students of architecture will welcome with delight the valuable contribution to that department of literature which has just come from the pen of Mr. Russell Sturgis, A. M. Ph. D., F. A. I. A., President of the Fine Art Federation of New York. The book* itself is a work of art, containing ten full-page Albertype plates, and over two hundred and fifty engravings. Dr. Sturgis endeavours to show that an interesting study may be made of the history of architecture, and that he has accomplished his purpose no one who has read his work will deny. The author's method of study of the subject is that of analytical comparison of the different types, and as he says in his introduction:—"If the attention is fixed upon the inherent and essential peculiarities of each style, the effort of the student will be of necessity to discover the reasons for these peculiarities.

The analysis and comparison of those peculiarities with such reference to well-established chronology as will show which pieces of building are contemporaneous, and which other pieces of building follow one another closely in order of time, is certainly the most fascinating pursuit possible for all those who have the instinct of form and colour."

The subject is treated fully, beginning with the early Grecian and Roman styles up to the end of the eighteenth century; for at this, the close of the nineteenth century, architecture as a progressive art does not exist. Dr. Sturgis gives as his reason for this, the fact that the modern student of architecture has studied the superficial aspects of ancient styles rather than the essential nature of those styles, and as

*Toronto: The Toronto News Co.; price, 30 cents.

†London: Geo. Bell & Sons; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 314 pp.

*European Architecture. A Historical Study by Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph. D., F.A.I.A. New York: Macmillan Co. Cloth, illustrated, \$4.00.

a remedy for the "modern disease of horrowing and copying," he urges that the true nature of each favourite style of ancient art be made more familiar to practising architects and draughtsmen.

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The "Administration of the Old Regime in Canada" is the title of a small volume just published by R. Stanley Weir, barrister, of Montreal. The work is worthy of more than a passing notice, since it presents a number of interesting facts gathered from sources not generally available, shedding light on the constitutional history of our country. A more extended notice of the work will be given in a future issue.

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A new edition of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals"* comes to us from the press of the Macmillans. It is handsomely bound, and beautifully illustrated by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. It also contains an introduction by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q. C., M. P., in which he gives a history of the life of Sheridan and of the production of his plays "The Rivals." Sheridan's first play was first produced at Covent Garden on the 17th of January, 1775, "The School for Scandal" being produced two years later at Drury Lane.

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George Macdonald's new novel, which is to be published in the fall of

*The School for Scandal and The Rivals, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with introduction by Augustine Birrell, Q. C., M. P. and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. London and New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp Clark Co. Cloth, gilt edges.

next year by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., will bear the somewhat striking title, "A Slave to Sin: the Story of a Minister."

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Dr. Conan Doyle is shortly about to write for McClure's six short stories dealing with the old historical buccaneers and pirates.

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"A Singular Life," by Mrs. Phelps-Ward, whose "Chapters from a Life" was reviewed last month, has been meeting with wonderful success, and the popularity of this story, it is said, has aroused a demand for many of Mrs. Ward's other books, particularly "The Story of Avis."

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The death of George Du Maurier caused a slight increase in the demand for "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," but the demand did not last very long, and was not so marked as might have been expected.

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In spite of much adverse criticism, Miss Marie Corelli's books have a wonderful sale, and her "Murder of Delicia" is meeting with the usual success.

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Harper & Bros., New York, have just issued "English Society Sketches," by George Du Maurier, which contains over one hundred illustrations by the author, and "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," by Felix Moscheles. This is also illustrated from original drawings by Du Maurier.





FROM A PAINTING.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

LEARNING TO READ.